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The Temple of Pleasure, or, Seeing Life

BONHAM.

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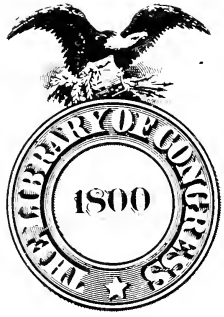

THE

TEMPLE OF PLEASURE

OR

SEEING LIFE.

BY

THE REV. J. W. BONHAM,

CHURCH EVANGELIST.

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and
Sound an alarm in my holy mountain;
Let al the inhabitants of the land tremble,
For the Day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand.

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1877.

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TO
MY DEAR
FRIEND AND
CHRISTIAN BROTHER
HENRI L. F * * * * * ESQ.,
WHO FOR YEARS ABLY PRESIDED
AT THE ORGAN WITH MANY PIPES;
WHICH HE PRESENTED TO THE CHURCH
AS A THANK-OFFERING TO ALMIGHTY GOD,
FOR HIS MANY MERCIES: AND ALSO WITH HIS
ESTIMABLE WIFE, GRATUITOUSLY AND CHEER-
FULLY LED THE PUBLIC PRAISES OF
THE APPRECIATIVE WORSHIPPERS,
IN THE CHURCH OF THE
I * * * * P * * * * PA.,
AS A TOKEN OF
ESTEEM FOR
A LIBERAL
VESTRYMAN,
AND ONE OF ZION'S SWEET SINGERS,
AND AS A REMEMBRANCER OF
BRIGHT BEAMS OF SUNSHINE IN TIMES
OF DARKNESS AND SORROW, THIS
VOLUME IS GLADLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

Contents.

CHAP.		PAGE.
I.	THE GODDESS AND HER TEMPLE	7
II.	THE CORRUPTING LIBRARY	10
III.	THE BALL-ROOM	22
IV.	SOME PROFESSED CHRISTIANS DANCE	33
V.	THE SALOON OF BACCHUS	38
VI.	THE TEMPLE'S GAMBLING HELL	44
VII.	THE RELENTLESS MAELSTROM	48
VIII.	THE THEATRE	51
IX.	SHOULD CHRISTIANS VISIT THEATRES	63
X.	THE HOUSE OF DEATH	79
XI.	IMPLORING CRIES FOR HELP AND VENGEANCE	89
XII.	SOLOMON'S IRONICAL MANDATE AND SOLEMN WARNING	98
XIII.	ST. AUGUSTINE AND THE FALLEN GLADIATOR	104
XIV.	MERCY FOR THE TEMPLE'S SIN-SICK	109
XV.	THE GRAND FINALE	112
XVI.	THE SPECIFIC OBJECT OF TME DAY OF DOOM	117
XVII.	THE NEW HEAVENS AND THE NEW EARTH	126
XVIII.	THE NEW SONG AND GRAND DOXOLOGY	138

Preface.

THIS little volume has *not* been "printed by request." The manuscript was not "submitted" to any "learned and very dear brother," nor, "through his earnest persuasion, given to the printer." The writer is aware that to "the sinners in Zion," the book will not give pleasure. But, as he labors as an Evangelist, and has no "pews to rent," without annoyance through the threat, "*I will give up my pew?*" he can obey the mandate:

> Cry aloud, and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet,
> And show my people their transgression,
> And the house of Israel their sins.

Some may feel annoyed; but it will be in vain for any to advise him to *confine* his preaching to "the wickedness of the *ante-diluvians*," "the stiff-neckedness of the *Jews*," and "the beautiful mosaic of the ecclesiastical year." He is not unaware that he has made ample work for book reviewers; for the dyspeptic critic can attack the cheerful parts, and the cheerful critic the portions that are solemn. But reviewers, like divines, on the same points differ; and some, who write book notices, "as per party contract," examine only title-page and index, and publish a review.

THE DESIGN OF HIS VOLUME.

To denounce worldly pleasure, and anathametize those who indulge therein, is not the author's object. When a house is in flames the firemen loudly cry to arouse the sleeping inmates to escape the great danger; and the minister should blow the church trumpet to alarm Zion's slumbers when the Judge is at the door. The author has endeavored to depict the evils of Pleasure's Temple, and the attractions of the New Jerusalem, to allure the young to be led by the hand of Mercy, to sing the new song and the grand Doxology. Because places of sinful amusement are not *heavenly places in Christ Jesus*, and those in whom the Holy Ghost has implanted the *new* nature, have not the tastes of the unregenerate, and those converted to Christianity must not act like the heathen, St. Paul exhorts, saying: "*Thus* I say therefore and testify *in the Lord*, that *ye henceforth* walk not as *other Gentiles walk in the vanity of their minds.*"

Since the above was in type, at the *Triennial Church Convention* now in session in Boston, the following Episcopal warning was sounded through the trumpet of the Secretary to House of Clerical and Lay delegates, viz.: That the House of Bishops wish to impress the clergy with the solemnity of the duty of encouraging temperance and the strictest morality, and that they preach and plead earnestly against gambling, visiting improper places, and committing the crime of * * * *.

May each reader accept the mercy that is in Christ Jesus, and sing:

More purity give me, more strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains, more longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom, more used would I be;
More blessed and holy, more Savior like Thee.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 1877.

The Goddess and Her Temple.

VOLUPTAS, the Mythological Goddess of Pleasure, is represented as youthful, beautiful and richly adorned. In ancient Rome she had a temple in which she was worshipped. Her votaries beheld her seated on her throne, having Virtue under her feet. Compartments of the temple of sinful pleasure exist in nearly every city, town and village. The ardent imagination of youth dreams that the gorgeous and imposing temple is a solid structure upon a firm foundation, and as the entrance is arched with the bow of promise, that there is harmony between its external allurements and internal pleasures. Allured by the temple's corridors, and columns, and pinnacles and dome, and the dazzling lights, and the bewitching strains of music, he is anxious to enter. Having heard that religion does not require the body to be attired in cowl and sack-cloth, nor the soul to be flagellated with penances, nor that the eye be closed to the charms of beauty, nor that

the heart never thrill with emotions of gladness, he is inclined to enter the temple once, not to be tainted with the stain of any sin, but "to just see life." Before his ardent imagination

THE GODDESS OF PLEASURE APPEARS.

Waiving her magic wand, she creates an optical illusion of the temple's interior attractions, and the adjacent gardens of pleasure, and bowers of delight. Under her influence the excited youth beholds light arcades, decorated halls, gorgeous draperies, costly paintings, speaking statuary, sparkling fountains, the merry inmates drinking luscious wines, and pleasure's priests wafting censors of fragrant incense, and the smoke mounting in wreaths to the decorated dome. With sweet bewitching voice the goddess urges him to enter, promising that gay ones shall greet him, and ecstatic music thrill him; and that for him with her own hand she will mingle the sweetened cup, wreath his brow with the garland of joy, and beguile him with her blandishments! But yield not to her enchantment! She is a goddess masked! The entrance to her temple is attractive! The exit is dark and terrible! Be not allured by any means to enter! Those who enter joyfully emerge in awful agony!

A ROYAL WARNING!

Solomon, who was a great lover of pleasure, and withheld not his heart from any joy, entered every department of the temple, till his revellings palled upon his senses. But he emerged in wretchedness, groaning in the tone of a disappointed demigod, "*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!*" —literally, Lie of lies, all is a lie! Though the king entered and escaped destruction, such sorrow trod in his path that his misery almost exceeded the woe of man. With his silvery locks, and furrowed brow, he stands before you, and in earnest tones utters words of warning. And while he does not prohibit rational enjoyment, necessary recreation, and innocent amusement, he warns all who enter the temple of sinful pleasure, that for all these things God will bring them into judgment. Therefore, if superior rank, immense wealth, extensive observation, and painful experience can have any weight, heed this warning voice, and keep from the threshold of the temple, in a concealed part of which is a cruel Moloch, in whose burning arms many who enter die.

CHAPTER II.

The Temple's Literature.

THE agents of THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS avail themselves of the all-powerful Press. In one part of the temple of sinful pleasure is the corrupting library. The shelves bend beneath the weight of books that allure the soul to the world of woe. Many of the inmates have Bibles that were presented by friends; but they are as unsoiled as when finished by the binder. Works based on inspired teaching, and others which would prepare them to grapple with life's stern realities, they cannot be induced to read. They have been forewarned that their character will be moulded by what they read. As the body assimilates the food that is eaten, so the mind transmutes the spirit of what is read. As wholesome food strengthens the tissues of the body, so pure

literature invigorates the mind. As unwholesome food injures the body, so impure literature poisons the mind. As the dreams at night are influenced by the prominent thoughts of the day, so the actions of the day are influenced by the books read and admired.

COLERIDGE, THE DAY-DREAMER,

Once gave a striking illustration. When a member of the "Blue-Coat School" he walked across the street mentally absorbed in his favorite hero, and imagined that he was swimming across the Hellespont. In his fancied voyage he throws out his arms as if actually swimming. One hand coming in contact with a gentleman approaching from the opposite direction, the lad is accused of attempting to pick the stranger's pocket. With honest face and truthful tone the day-dreamer denies the charge, saying, "I thought I was swimming across the Hellespont, and I did not think of my hand coming in contact with any one in the water." This innocent and strange action was incited by what the youthful COLERIDGE had read and admired. While good books incite virtuous thoughts and holy actions, bad books excite wicked thoughts

and deeds of darkness. One about to enter the library of the Temple of Pleasure has in his hand a warning leaflet, entitled

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

It sets forth that companionship is an exciting cause of trains of thought; that the language, manners, spirit, and the entire character of associates, not only influence the mind while together, but prove causes of awakening trains of thought long after the time of separation; that the same is true in reference to literary companions, for books become all controlling causes in exciting the current of our thoughts. The tract also sets forth that it requires no metaphysical acumen, no profound knowledge of mental philosophy to understand that, long trains of sinful musings and criminal imaginings fill the mind long after the novel-reader has thrown aside the favorite volume. As the conversation is audible, you can hear it without the meanness of secretly listening.

"I hope, my dear young friend, that you will not cross the threshold of that library."

"Why not? I must have some mental recrea-

tion. I cannot read the Bible and the biographies of the departed pious *all* the time!"

"You are not required to do this '*all the time.*' You may find superior mental recreation by reading what is elevating and pure and holy."

"But are there no good books in the library of the Temple of Pleasure?"

"According to the record of the librarian such volumes are not called for. But when a new passion-exciting book appears the demand exceeds the supply."

"But few of the books that I took from the library of the Sunday School, dwelt on sin and salvation, and death and judgment?"

"As you are now older you should read works calculated to elevate your taste, improve your judgment, and establish moral character."

"By perusing books from the library of my Sunday School, I acquired a taste for fancy reading, and intend to gratify it."

"The Rev. Dr. Forewarner is to preach to young folks to-night. Will you accompany me to hear him?"

"I have heard again and again the substance of so many sermons, 'My Dear Friend, be virtuous, and then you will be happy!'"

"The bell is now ringing, and the place will soon be crowded. Let us hasten and we can talk by the way."

"Is he a good speaker, and are his sermons short? I abhor pulpit truisms, and hate protracted dullness."

"The Doctor will surely interest you, for he speaks from a warm heart, and makes cold hearts feel. We have been shown to a good seat, and soon you may judge for yourself." The preliminary services have ended, and now we hear

THE FOREWARNING SERMON.

The text is St. Luke, vi. 45. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the *evil* treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of *the heart* his mouth speaketh."

The text teacheth that man is swayed to do what is good, or what is evil, by the *quality* of his preponderating thoughts. Because, "as a man thinketh in his heart, *so is he*", Christianity extends its dominion over the secrets of the heart, and aims to purify its concealed currents of thought. The

quality of right or wrong pertains to the invisible thoughts, as well as to the manifested actions. To God all hearts are open, and He searcheth the heart. From Him no secrets are hid, and not one can escape His all-seeing eye. The preacher, therefore, shows: First, that cherished thoughts exert a controlling influence in the formation of moral character, and in shaping the outward actions. No passion of our nature can be brought into activity till after the mind has thought of the object of that passion, formed conceptions concerning it, and dwelt on exaggerated views of the pleasures of indulgence. In the curtained theatre of the heart, passions enact their secret sins of lawless violence on our moral nature. Those that do not blaze forth and blacken the outer man, often burn and scar the hidden man of the heart. Vile literature incite the evil thoughts that supply the fuel to the passion-fires that rage within the heart, and which are more consuming because they are concealed and burn virtue in the dark. Mental revelling in sin is known to God. He understandeth thy thoughts afar off. The preacher now sets forth, Second, that

MAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR SECRET THOUGHTS.

Hatred is the *spirit* of murder. Covetousness is

mental idolatry. Lustful *thought* is the *essence* of adultery. Meditated sin is actual in God's sight. He knoweth the thoughts of the heart. To him we must answer for their character. We must all appear, or be *manifested*, before the judgment seat of Christ. All secret sins will burst forth into vivid form by the revealing brightness of the great white throne. We cannot escape the guilt of cherished evil passions because concealed from mortal eye. Hark! the trumpet's awful sound!

> Oh! what fear it shall engender
> When the Judge shall come in splendor,
> Strict to mark and just to render!
> Book where every thought's recorded,
> All events all time afforded,
> Shall be brought, and dooms awarded!

In solemn words, with tremulous tones, the preacher looks at us and closes, saying, "The formation of your religous character—your course of action and kind of influence in the world—your success and triumph in the great battle with foes *within*—your peace and joy in the Holy Ghost—your steady progress in the divine life—your preparation for all that Heaven is and will be to a redeemed soul, and the condition of your final entrance into that glorious, eternal state—all the mighty interests of your being for immortality are to be won or lost in your victory

or defeat in that tremendous conflict by which every thought is to be brought into captivity unto the obedience of Christ. Let each soul pray: Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Create in me a clean heart, O! God, and renew a right spirit within me.

THE TEMPLE'S PRESS.

Many have already entered the temple's dangerous library. To increase their number, the agents of Satan accost young men and maidens, and offer them literature that leads to destruction. Some Church members read books that stir the imagination, irritate the passions, and disincline for active virtues and spiritual exercises. What ardent spirits do to the body, pernicious books do to the mind. Highly wrought novels poison desire at the fountain, pervert the taste, weaken the authority of reason, enfeeble the will, stifle the voice of conscience, divest villainy of its guilt, clothe odious vice in the garb of virtue, pollute the imagination, inflame the passions, and incite to sin. Reader, if you have taken from the hand of the goddess of sinful pleasure, the corrupting novel, *you are in her library!* That book you now delight to read, may paint upon your mind what may never be erased!

It contains the literature that crowds the broad road to death! *Satan* was its hidden author, and his publisher and agents guilt-purveyors. It was prepared to enkindle passions, for whose gratification other compartments in this temple have been provided. As its poison should be more dreaded than the plagues of Egypt, hurl it away with loathing as you would a deadly serpent! Among the patrons of the library, are some who have read pictures of romance, until their cheeks have grown pale; the eyes of others, through mental conflict, are fiery and restless; and from the once bright eyes of several, the light of intelligence has passed behind a cloud, and they are hopelessly insane.

VITIATING PICTORIAL NEWSPAPERS.

In an exhaustive report on the Social Evil, its causes, consequences and cure, made to the citizens of Syracuse, the esteemed *Bishop of Central New York*, in earnest words, fearlessly affirms that, "The last ten years have witnessed a rapid deterioration in cheap periodical literature. Not so marked, perhaps, in what is printed, as in the *pictorial illustrations.* As to obscene books and prints circulated surreptitiously, against the prohi-

bition of the law, all we can hope to do is, that official vigilance will be made thorough, and the penalties be enforced to their utmost severity. Some frightful discoveries have lately been made, of the circulation of these vilest of all the instruments of pollution, through post offices and systematic agencies, and even in public schools of both sexes not far from us, where, till a mere accident led to a strict search, the process of debauchment was not suspected. Another grade of vitiating publications, second only to the other in vileness, and probably diffusing contamination on a much wider scale, because subject to no legal suppression, is that of *pictorial newspapers* and magazines. This unclean traffic has been growing in boldness, till now there are shop windows in a great many of our streets, which are nothing else but broadsides of disgusting filth. The wonder is that they are tolerated by a community where puremindedness is of any esteem at all, and where our sons and daughters pass. The depraving effects of these exhibitions on the minds of young and older people that linger to look at them, are beyond all computation. The papers cost so little, that all classes, even the boot-black and the match-girl can buy them. They are car-

ried about and made the means of active defilement everywhere. Their poison takes effect infallibly under the laws of an inflammable fancy and prurient curiosity. Thousands and thousands of American youth are touched with this pestilential infection; really far worse than Asiatic cholera, or Yellow fever. Then a little further up in this low scale, and only a very little, is that large issue of cunningly constructed fictions, together with an extensive portion of ordinary newspapers, which contrive to pamper and gratify unclean tastes in the reader, either by broad and highly-colored recitals of lewdness in real life and in the criminal courts, or else by romantic stories of imaginary libertines, harlots and adulterers. Such volumes and journals, everybody knows, find their way into the chambers and upon the centre-tables of families of fair repute; and there they do their baneful work of familiarising the mind with forbidden things, and making the loss of purity easy." In the light of this truthful, touching, and solemn warning, if the reader has crossed the library's dangerous threshold, escape for thy life; for if you gratify "*the lust of the eye*" for this sin, *God* will bring thee into judgment.

A SHORT STAY IN THE LIBRARY DANGEROUS.

Some time since, a young man entered and remained but fifteen minutes. During that short period, he glanced at a book, handed it back, and never saw it again. But the poison took effect, and sin left its mark. Listen now to his penitent confession: "I cannot erase the effects of the impious thoughts, which in that quarter of an hour, that vile book lodged in my heart, and which, may God forgive me, I harbored there. I can, and do pray against the sin, and for God's grace yet to conquer it; but it is a thorn in my flesh, and still causes me great bitterness and anguish. There is nothing which I would not willingly give to have the veil of oblivion cast over the scenes and sentiments of that corrupt volume; which still haunt me like foul spectres during my hours of private devotion in the Sanctuary, and at the communion table." Through mercy, this young man escaped destruction; but, alas! many pass from the library of the temple of sinful pleasure into other compartments; and when they die in sinful wretchedness, await the bitter pangs of the *second death.*

CHAPTER III.

The Temple of Pleasure's Ball Room.

ONE of the doors of the library leads to the Argyle Casino where rich profligates revel. The brilliant lights in front make midnight bright as noonday; and the large light-reflecting mirrors within make the place dazzle with brightness. A highly trained band of musicians is engaged, and at the bars the choicest wines are sold. Carriage after carriage arrives at the entrance, and attired in full evening dress, the occupants emerge and enter the dazzling hall. The majority of the women are young and beautiful, but are the guilty paramours of men of wealth or titled lords. Though this class do not in the Arygle Rooms dance, many pay the entrance fee to see their rich attire and beauty. The dancers here are principally dandy clerks

and pretty shop girls. From the projecting balconies within, the aristocratic sinners listen to the exciting strains of music and behold the mazy dance. But the women though so beautiful are strange women, who with their guilty companions are on their way to Hell! If the reader asks, "How does the writer know that they were so attractive in person and appearance" he answers; he was present at several midnight meetings, held for their special benefit in St. Peter's Church, adjacent to the Argyle Rooms. He saw them emerge from the Casino with graceful step, and soon crowd the Church. Girls of tender age, and some of the fairest daughters of England, beautiful in person, polished in manners, attired in costly fabrics, and decorated with sparkling diamonds, and their guilty paramours in fashionable evening dress costume, sat together in the Holy Sanctuary. After midnight they heard the glorious gospel, and a number were rescued and saved. The patrons of the Argyle branch of pleasure temple's ball-room, resembled in appearance and polished manners, the virtuous who patronise dress balls at fashionable places of summer resort. But there are less pretentious dance halls, with orchestras ornamented with plaster of paris models of *Ve-*

nus and *Adonis*, *Diana* and *Apollo*, whose inmates we will not describe.

DANCING DENOUNCED BY ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

CICERO declared that dancing is the last of all vices. One must have delivered himself up to all other excesses before he can yield to this ; for no one dances, whether in private or convivial assemblies, unless he be either intoxicated or a fool ! DEMOSTHENES, to render the followers of PHILIP OF MACEDON *odious*, accused them of having *danced!* The voluptuous poet, OVID, styled dancing-houses places of shipwreck for modesty, and the dance itself the seed of vice. Believing that dancing spoils the heart and wages war dangerous to modesty, PETRARCH affirmed that, the dance is a frivolous spectacle, unworthy of man ; held in detestation by chaste eyes, a prelude to the exercise of the passions ; the source of numberless infamies, from which nothing issues save irregularity a d impurity. But despite the warnings of philosophers many visit dance-halls, and mingle with women whose cheeks are red with paint, and their lips cracked and parched, and with men whose hearts are corrupt, and their character vile. Young people

are seeing life at dance-halls by having delicacy of feeling blunted, and their safety endangered

DANCING DENOUNCED BY LEARNED DIVINES.

St. Gaudentius commanded: Fly from feasts and dances accompanied by music. The houses in which such disorders are found present all the dangers of the theatre. Let whatever relates to the pomps of the devil be *banished* from the houses of *Christians*. Alluding to the daughter of Herodius, St. Ambrose says: She dances, but is the daughter of an adulteress. Let mothers who love chastity and modesty, give their daughters lessons of religion and not lessons of dancing. He calls the dance, the choir of iniquities, the ruin of innocence, and the grave of modesty. Tertullian pictures dancing-halls as the temples of Venus, and the sinks of impurity. St. Augustine was so impressed with the great evils resulting from a passion for dancing, that he affirmed, "It is better to till the earth on Sundays than to dance." And St. Basil calls dancing-halls the high-schools of the impure passions. If the opinions of the ancients are to be disregarded because they lived so long ago, hear the warning voice of Meade, Bishop of

Virginia: "As an amusement, seeing that it is a perversion of an ancient religious exercise, and has ever been discouraged by the sober-minded and pious of all nations, on account of its evil tendencies and accompaniments, we ought conscientiously to inquire whether its great liability to abuse, and its many acknowledged abuses, should not make us frown upon it in all its forms." The BISHOP OF VERMONT declared that "Dancing is chargeable with the waste of time, the interruption to useful study, the indulgence of personal vanity and display, and the premature incitement of the passions." The same note has been sounded by many others, but the warning has not been heeded. Let us now attend a discussion on

SOLOMON'S DECLARATION, "THERE IS A TIME TO DANCE!"

The disputants are PROFESSOR POLKA, Master of Ceremonies in Pleasure's Temple, and the REV. PISTOS FAITHFUL. PROFESSOR POLKA opens the discussion, saying: "Ladies and Gentlemen—With profound pleasure I appear before this highly intelligent and fashionable audience. Though I do not believe the Bible as a whole, I accept most

heartily Solomon's declaration: "There is a time to dance;" and though I am a caterer of pleasure, I assure you, my candid auditors, that I am no hypocrite. Dancing is an accomplishment, and when some church members have a party, that the young folks may dance and have a good time, at a certain hour the minister receives a hint to say good night. I am aware that a clergyman who recently thus said good night, hinted that he disapproved of such amusements. But the lady hinted that he would soon have to find another field of labor, for her husband was a leading member of the church, and one of the pillars. I mention this that the clergyman who is to reply to me may be guarded in his remarks, for some members of his church, to whom I give lessons, are present to-night. As I stated, I do not believe the whole of the Bible, but am familiar with the passages that justify my profession. Is my opponent not aware that when MIRIAM took a timbrel, all the women went after her with timbrels and *dances;* and that, with timbrels and *dances*, when JEPTHAH came to Mispeh, his daughters came to meet him? [A voice: "What is a timbrel?" Order; order.] Did I not address you as highly intelligent? I was about to state

that BENJAMIN'S children were commanded to wait in the vineyard to see if Shiloh's daughters *danced;* when DAVID brought up the Ark of the Lord he danced with all his might ; and when he had returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, women came from the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King SAUL. Many of the ancients danced, and church members now delight in this Scriptural amusement. It is preposterous to suppose that there can be any harm in accompanying the measured tones of music with graceful movements. Before proceeding further, will my opponent gratify the audience by saying *what he can* in answer to my statement that dancing is scriptural, the ancient Israelites indulged therein, and that SOLOMON *commands* this healthful exercise? If he desires to be excused because it is difficult to come into direct conflict with Scripture, he may probably be gratified." But all seem anxious to hear

THE REV. PISTOS FAITHFUL.

Having politely bowed, he says : I was delighted to learn that the Gentleman who preceded me believes even a *portion* of the Bible. But many believe God's promises who trample on His precepts ;

and many who disbelieve the threatenings practice what merits them. He used great emphasis in quoting Solomon's words respecting "*a time* to *dance*" and also emphasised the terms, dance, dances, and dancing in the examples that he cited, but as he set out to defend dancing by appealing to the sentence "*a time to dance,*" if dancing is a religous duty, he should have told us *when* to dance, and *where* to dance, and under what circumstances, and the *time* to be devoted to this amusement! It would not seem right to dance on the Lord's Day, nor in the holy sanctuary, nor at a funeral, nor in the time of war, pestilence and famine. Moreover, he did not specify the kind of dancing, whether a walk or a jig, a quadrille or a hornpipe, or either of the other modes; nor whether Christians when leaving the church, and organists play dance tunes, should dance in the aisles! Now, if Solomon *commands* dancing, young men and maidens, old men and children should obey the mandate, and dance in the proper place, with proper persons, at the proper time, and in a scriptural manner. My opponent did not seem aware that Solomon, the royal votary of pleasure, sets forth his cherished sentiments while running his giddy race, and his

convictions when he resolved to stop. Because he has given his expectations at the outset, and his bitter disappointment at the close, atheists and lovers of pleasure have seized on certain sentences to justify their own conduct, and adopted as their life-motto passages that describe, but do not justify, their wayward course. Some of his perverted words were uttered as a check-rein to those about to run the race that leads to woe. The oft-repeated passage, "there is a *time* to dance," does not *command* dancing, any more than the accompanying words, "a time to weep, and a time to laugh, and a time to mourn," *command* weeping, and laughing, and mourning. The passage simply affirms that at different times people are sorrowful or joyful, and express their joy. PROFESSOR POLKA told you emphatically that Solomon says, "there is a time to dance," but omitted to add that Solomon warns the votary of worldly pleasures, saying, "know thou that for *all* these things God will bring thee *into judgment!*"

ANCIENT DANCING WAS AN ACT OF WORSHIP.

This, PROFESSOR POLKA did not state, but made the impression that dancing was an authorized act

of *amusement.* Miriam, and the accompanying women, danced as an act of thanksgiving to God for a signal victory. The daughters of Jepthah danced to manifest gladness at the return of their father. The daughters of Shiloh danced as a religious act at the festival of Shiloh. David danced with all his might when Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with sound of trumpet. The women who danced before King Saul, did so as part of a religious act celebrating victory. The dancing alluded to was not performed in suffocating ball-rooms, but in the open air, in highways, fields, or groves. It was not performed at midnight, when iniquity stalks abroad, nor by those who loved darkness rather than light; but during the brilliant light of day, and *only* by virtuous maidens. Men who *perverted* dancing for mere amusement were deemed infamous, and devoid of shame, and called "*vain fellows.*"* Because dancing expressed *religious* joy the Psalmist says, "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing.† Because by joyful gestures Jehovah's name was lauded he commanded, "Let the children of

* See Exo. xv, 20; Judges xi, 34; xxi, 21; 2 Sam. vi, 14, 15, 21; 1 Sam. xviii, 6.
† Psa. xxx, 11.

Zion praise His name in the dance."* Because departed joys were to be by God restored, He promised that Israel should go forth in the dances of them that make merry.† But PROFESSOR POLKA did not intimate that as we live under the Christian dispensation

THE RITUALISM OF JOY HAS CHANGED.

With other Jewish ceremonies the ancient modes of expressing joy and sorrow have passed away. As the bereaved who now attire themselves in costly black fabrics, and who cannot be present at the funeral sermon until the garments have been made in the highest style of fashion, do not mourn in garments of coarse sackcloth as the ancients mourned, neither do men and women who dance together after dark, and for mere amusement, dance after the manner, nor for the holy purpose for which the maidens of Israel danced. The Saviour has not commanded dancing as any part of the Christian ceremonial; and as the early Church fathers so severely denounced dancing, let none pretend that they now dance in obedience to an inspired mandate, nor as an act of worship—TO GOD!

* Psa. cxlix, 3. † Jer. xxxi, 4.

CHAPTER IV.

Some Professed Christians Dance.

BECAUSE church members dance the ungodly conclude that it is right to do so. At some fashionable balls the number of Christians who take part therein is really surprising. Some dance with persons of questionable character, and dance wearing a cross. Some wear at balls the identical cross they placed on the neck the night they were confirmed. This holy ornament should symbolize that the world is crucified to the wearer, and the wearer crucified to the world. It is the *professed* sign that the world's pomps and vanities have been *renounced*, and that the wearer has consecrated herself to His service who on Calvary's cross was crucified. As a ball-room is in no sense sacred TO GOD, and dancing is no longer an act of holy worship, church-members who persist in danc-

ing, should place aside the visible sign of personal consecration. As it would be incongruous to see honest persons wearing prisoners' handcuffs for bracelets, so is it incongruous to see a Christian youth and a Christian maiden waltzing, the one with a cross dangling on his vest, and the other with a glittering cross sparkling on her neck! Moreover, as dancing is confined principally to the feet, it cannot be classed with the intellectual accomplishments. And though some affirm that dancing circulates the blood and improves the health, it often induces illness that hastens death.

> On! through the maze of the fleet dance, on!
> But where are the young and the lovely gone?
> Where are the brows with the red rose crowned,
> And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?
> And the waving locks, and the flying feet,
> That still should be where the mirthful meet?
> They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all;
> Alas! the forsaken hall!

The guests have left to repair to their homes, for it is now long past midnight. The dancing church members are too weary to read a portion of the Bible, and too much exhausted to kneel down and pray. They fall upon their beds and pass a few hours in unrefreshing sleep. But see them when they awake! Behold them in the light of the sun!

Their ruddy cheeks have faded, and their over-excited spirits flag. Is that young man with glassy eyes and fevered lips, the blooming youth allured by pleasure's goddess into the dance-hall? Is that young woman with pallid features, and hectic flush, and palpitating heart, the one who has been dancing to *improve* her health?

IS IT WICKED TO DANCE IN THE PARLOR?

The youthful mind craves and must have recreation. To see young folks act like old folks, is as ridiculous as to see old people assume the guise of youth. We delight to see the sprightly movements of the little ones, and hear their merry peals of laughter. It is the duty of parents to provide innocent amusement for their children, and make home so attractive that they may truly sing, "There is no place *like home*!" If dancing improves the health, let them dance where they can breathe pure air, and have virtuous companions. If dignity of carriage and gracefulness of movement is acquired through dancing, let children be taught to dance where virtue is not endangered. There can be no immediate harm in little children keeping step with the measures of sweet music, nor in older

ones moving around with them merrily. But gradually simple parlor-balls are relinquished as very insipid. One writer affirms that, "were the trial made of a series of dancing assemblies, conducted in all respects as becomes the sobriety and spiritual mindedness of the Christian character, so that it would be nothing inconsistent if every attendant were a devout and earnestly pious person, it would need no prophet to predict their entire failure. To be genial to the taste of those who would sustain them, they must be matters of *worldly fashionable gaiety.*" Though dancing at home may not be in itself sinful, it may LEAD TO future dissipation. When heart-broken parents expostulate, they may hear the sad answer: "You once assured me that dancing is *an accomplishment*, and compelled me take to lessons. Gradually I became more and more fascinated with this exciting amusement. At a brilliant ball I became the prey of him whom I had captivated by the graceful movements I learned in our parlor. You reproach me for my folly, and weep over the harvest. But you *compelled* me to take the seed-lessons that produced it, and *gladly paid* the dancing-master's charges!" Alas! many can testify that "dancing is a branch of

that worldly education that leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan." That children may avoid temptations that lead to social sorrows, may parents consider well the mandate,

> Train up a child in *the* way in which he should go,
> And when he is old he will not depart from it.

Plead with that darling son and daughter to seek celestial joy on earth.

> Come while the morning of thy life is glowing,
> Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing, die—
> Ere this gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,
> Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
> Life is but shadows—save a promise given
> Which lights up sorrows with a fadeless ray;
> Oh, touch Christ's sceptre—win a hope of heaven,
> Come, turn thy spirit from the world away!

CHAPTER V

The Saloon of Bacchus.

MANY who listen to the syren voice of the goddess of pleasure, pass from the library of her temple, into the dance halls. When wearied by accompanying the exciting music by measured movement, they pass for refreshment into the saloon of the wine god. The place is attractive, and the light brilliant; but here the rosy wine will add fuel to the flames of passion, enkindled in the ball room. To raise their sinking spirits to the heights of unknown ecstacy, they take the goblet filled with the wine that is red. Forgetful of all admonitions they drink, and crave for *more*, MORE, MORE! What Bacchus calls nectar, mild, choice, and harmless, bewilders the brain, and makes objects seem double. At one of the bars in the lobby of the British House of Parliament, two

leading members have taken "a drop too much." As both are required to engage in important debate, one says. "I cannot *see* the speaker;" but the other promptly answers, "I can see *two!*" Yet neither was justified in making vision defective. Alas, intemperance weakens the intellect, inflames the emotions, makes powerless the will, pollutes the imagination, incites wild desires, stifles the voice of conscience, and incites to anarchy against God! The drunkard's eyes glare with an unmeaning fixedness. When he attempts to talk his tongue seems palsied, his hands tremble, and his feet stumble. And while the thief may gain something by stealing, and the gambler by gambling, the wretched drunkard has no equivalent, save the permission to personify an animal, and become *a beast pro tem.* Generally, intemperance clings to the poor drunkard like the fabled robe which Hercules was allured to wear; and which clung to him a raging and burning fire until he died in agony.

INTEMPERANCE ENTHRONES HAGGARD WANT.

QUEEN CLEOPATRA, at a feast in Tarsus, broke from her ear-ring a pearl of immense value, dissolved it in acid, mingled it with wine, and drank it in honor

of a Roman General. But this waste is a poor illustration of the rich estates dissolved in the wine cup, and swallowed with what robbed the owners of reputation, wit, and virtue. Intemperance is increasing the number of bankrupts, and enthroning haggard want where plenty reigned. It is the source of domestic wretchedness, the wife's woe, the children's sorrow; and leads to temporal and everlasting ruin. The brilliant lights in the halls of Bacchus are the price of homes shadowed with gloom, and of heart-broken mothers, and fathers and children. The seeker of pleasure, through intemperance, resembles a man who, with the thermometer above ninety, builds a large fire to keep himself warm. He is like unto one who, in winter, to add to his comfort, burns down his dwelling. Those who enter the Hall of Bacchus to "drive dull care away," and hiccup, "we wont go home till morning," instead of increasing destroy existing joy. He who sings "drink, drink and merry be," learns that the fiery liquid that raises the spirits at night, burns them up before morning. He awakes a blear-eyed picture of wretchedness, with an aching head, trembling hands, and general incapacity. Solomon, who kept not from him what-

ever his eyes desired, and who withheld not his heart from any joy, sought in his heart to give himself unto wine. But hear him: wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Lamb, in a paper on drinking, graphically depicts

THE SORROWS OF THE DRUNKARD.

The waters have gone over me! But out of the black depth, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in its perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering into some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man finds himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to *see* his destruction and have no power to *stop* it, and feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could you *see* my fevered eye, feverishly looking forward for the night's repetition of the folly; could he but *feel* the body of death out

of which I cry hourly, with feeble outcry to be delivered; it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of his mantling temptation. The foregoing is not an exaggerated picture of the drunkard's anguish.

THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Some time since the writer saw a vigorous and handsome youth recovering from a fit, that excessive drinking had induced. A lantern in the distance so terrified his imagination, that he writhed as if exposed to the fearful glare of a demon's eye. His struggles were so terrible that it required strong men to hold him, and his screams of terror sounded like the horrid yells of one lost forever. His office was one of responsibility, and the compensation ample. But his visits to the Temple of Pleasure brought him indescribable harm, disqualified him for his duties, and he lost his situation and wandered a moral wreck. The drunkard's anguish is so terrible, that when Solomon escaped from the dangerous temple, he asked:

> *Who* hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
> *Who* hath cententions? Who hath babbling?
> *Who* hath wounds without cause?

Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the *wine.*
They that go about to seek mixed wine.
Look not upon the wine when it is red;
When it giveth its color in the cup;
When it moveth itself aright;
At last it BITETH LIKE A SERPENT,
And STINGETH LIKE AN ADDER!*

We rejoice that the Saviour's arm of mercy can reach the poor degraded drunkard, and hold him up, and cause him to stand. His blood, that cleanseth from all sin, washes away the pollution of intemperance. Though no drunkard can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, many who were intemperate have recently been rescued from this torturing demon. Clothed in Christ's righteousness, they shall reign for ever in His Kingdom, and ascribe the glory and the honor to God and The Lamb! To avoid the horrors arising from drunkenness—

Come! while the morning of thy life is brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze:
Come! while thy restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joys pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come! while sweet thoughts, like Summer birds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast—
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding—
Come now! and find in Christ unending rest.

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* Proverbs xxiii., 29-32.

CHAPTER VI.

The Temple's Gambling Hell.

EXTERNALLY and internally this place is attractive. The carpets are rich, and the lounges luxurious. The pictures and statuary are costly and came from afar. The decorations fascinate, and the allurements dazzle. The brilliant chandeliers turn night into day. The extra glare makes the inmates more conspicuous, and though respectably attired they are all rogues or greenhorns. The professional gamblers have hard hearts, rigid features, and piercing eyes. Destitute of human sympathy and of elevated moral sentiment, they only pity their verdant victims as tigers pity lambs. Their eyes are constantly on the spoils, and like fiend's claws their fingers scrape into a heap their ill-gotten gains. See the perspiration of agony on the brow of that young merchant. He

was allowed to win for a season, and was thus allured to stake more and more; but now he has lost all that he possessed. Another victim turns from the fatal board with his mind almost frenzied, and frantically strikes his hand against his fevered forehead. That rich man has just lost a large fortune; and that excited clerk has lost in a quarter of an hour more than his salary for a quarter of a year. Yonder face indicates that flames of disappointment are sweeping through his soul like a raging prairie fire. With lips pale and quivering, another rushes away as if about to commit suicide. This is the gambling mill that grinds rich men into bankrupts, clerks into robbers, and some, who hold positions of trust, into forgers, embezzlers, and defaulters.

THE CLIMAX OF SCOUNDRELISM.

Sometimes rogue meets rogue, and villian meets villian, and inflict mutual sorrow. Three gamblers, who once secured a treasure, agreed to equally divide it. That they might have a little feast, one was sent to purchase the viands. After he had gone, the two who waited for him, resolved to murder him as soon as he returned, and divide his share of the ill-gotten gain between themselves.

But the one who was absent resolved to destroy his two accomplices, and have their two shares all for himself, and hence poisoned the food. As soon as he arrived his fellow rogues killed him, and his murderers then ate what he had poisoned. The ends of roguery were thus mutually defeated, for one rogue was murdered, and the other two through the poison died. Gamblers who have but little regard for each other, have still less for the verdant victims who venture within their dens. Dr. NOTT affirms that the finished gambler has no heart; he would play at a brother's funeral; he would gamble upon his mother's coffin! HORACE WALPOLE relates that as soon as a man was carried into White's Club-house in London, in front of which he had dropped dead, members of the gambling club immediately made bets whether the man was really dead or not. When it was proposed to bleed him in hope of restoring consciousness, the wagerers objected, because it would affect the fairness of the bet. In continental gambling hells,

SUICIDE IS A COMMON OCCURRENCE.

Some, before the fatal act, write melancholy letters to their friends at home. To destroy all means of

identification, others burn their letters and erase the names from their garments. Some shoot themselves, and others plunge a dagger into their aching hearts. Some commit suicide by hanging, and others drown themselves. The victims of despair are found dead in bolted chambers, in still-pools of water, and in solitary places in the lonely forest. Who has ever seen the necrology of gambling hells, and read the names of those who have committed suicide, and of those who have been slain therein. If you value your health, your spirits, your honor, your parents, your present life and future happiness, whether the gambling hell be mean or gorgeous, on no account enter. It is sometimes the way to literal as well as to moral death. You may go in alive and strong, but in the dead hour of night be brought out a corpse, and hid from mortal sight. Shun it, for it is not only the road to commercial, and moral, and physical death, but often the sure way to death eternal.

CHAPTER VII.

The Relentless Maelstrom.

ON the northern sea a gallant ship is sailing, and none on board anticipate danger. Suddenly she halts, and resembles a ship becalmed. By slow degrees she gives a gentle lurch, and now moves in a circle. The motion now quickens, and faster and faster the vessel whirls round and round. The affrighted helmsman throws up his hands in agony! The seamen stand aghast! The captain is in despair, for his ship is *in a maelstrom!* Not long since the passengers were joyful, but are now in deep despair. They stand face to face with death, and wring their hands in anguish. The maelstrom seemed but a bubble when viewed from a distance. By degrees it appeared larger and larger. Now the waters boil and

foam, and whirl the vessel round faster and faster, and suck her deeper and deeper down till seen no more, and all on board are drowned. The young man who gambles is led on by slow and imperceptible degrees, and gradually approaches the fatal spot of danger. Rocked to insensibility, he sails serenely to the maelstrom's outer ripples. Now the angry waters roar! Now he is in the whirlpool! Now he is maddened to despair! His brain, character, money, and even life sink deeper and deeper in the angry waters. Those whose eyes lead them where cards are shuffled, and billiard balls are rolled, and dice-boxes rattled, and the roulette wheels revolved, sooner or later are swallowed in a maelstrom of ruin. That you may escape this, pray with devout earnestness, "O, Lord, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil."

HOW TO ESCAPE DANGER.

As your eternal destiny may be affected by your associates, seek the companionship of young men of good moral character. As a taste for gambling leads the gambler into complicated crimes, and exposes him to fearful dangers, avoid whatever may incite this taste, even card-playing at home. That

you may have no desire to enter Pleasure's Temple, come to the Gospel Banquet-hall, and find soul refreshment, and glory begun below. Wait not till late in life to enter, but accept the invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready." During probation you may hear the prelude of the music of fruition, therefore refuse not the harp of religious joy until your fingers tremble with infirmity. Accept Christ as your personal Saviour, obey His matchless precepts, and you will have joy that leaves no sting behind. Enter now the Ark of safety, and find glory begun below, and at length land on the celestial shore, where

> Rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
> And the sunshine of glory eternally reigns.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Theatre.

ON the stage are scenic woods and groves vales and arbors, painted sunshine, and tinselled actors; and from the orchestra ascends soft voluptuous music. The goddess in front holds a flaming play-bill in one hand, and her magic wand in the other, and with soft bewitching voice allures the young to enter, to drown dull care, and in their days of youth be merry. Before you enter, read this interrogatory leaflet:

THE PATRONS OF THE THEATRE.—QUESTIONS BY THE REV. THEOPHOLUS FEARGOD.

"*Why* do swindlers love the *play?* *Why* do gamblers *love* the play? *Why* do forgers love the play? *Why* do embezzling cashiers and clerks love the play? *Why* do the patrons of horse races love the

play? *Why* do bloated rumsellers love the play? *Why* do vile scoffers love the play? Why do blaspheming swearers love the play? *Why* do the prayerless love the play? *Why* do methodist backsliders love the play? *Why* do church members who do not pay their pew rent, love the play? *Why* do libertines, and painted fallen ones, love the play? Reader, join not their company! A poet says:

"Methinks as in a theatre I stand,
Where vice and folly saunter hand in hand;
While *virtue* hov'ring o'er the unhallowed room,
Seems a *dim speck* through sins surrounding gloom!"

Now, MASTER TEMPTED, what do you think of the interrogatory leaflet? Can you answer the categorical questions? Well, MR. PREVENTWOE, I think the writer should be called MR. PLAIN-SPEAKER. But if he is pastor of a fashionable city Church, and should thus interrogate his hearers, some would threaten "*I will give up my* pew!" and church pillars would soon notify him that "*an immediate change* of *pulpit gift will benefit this Zion!*"

Never mind, MASTER TEMPTED, the position nor the risk of the writer, but answer, why do the characters mentioned patronise theatres?

I suppose, MR. PREVENTWOE, that they go to see "the mirror held up to nature." You will not deny that some plays are pure, and some actors moral, and some audiences respectable, and that some go to the theatre for mere curiosity, or to while away the time.

I will admit, MASTER TEMPTED, that what you suppose may be, in many cases, true; but, answer definitely, why do the majority of theatre patrons belong to the characters the leaflet specifies?

Well, MR. PREVENTWOE, to answer candidly, I presume because what is exhibited on the stage must accord with the beholders prevailing tastes; for the daughter of DEACON MERRYBE says that, at comic representations of vice, and caricatures of Christians, and imitations of crime, the auditors applauded heartily.

Thank you, MASTER TEMPTED, you have given a definite answer; and as MISS MERRYBE often accompanies thither, MR. VERDANT DANDY, she ought to know. What the spectators behold must give them pleasure, for actors take pains to imitate what will incite applause, and increase their own fame. I recently read in substance, that, guilt which in hell will cause eternal agony, when repre-

sented in the theatre, incited roars of laughter. Now, if actors, instead of making virtue repelling and vice alluring, would make virtue attractive and vice *odious*, theatres would not be patronised specially by the inmates of places of vile resort.

You have a right to your opinion, MR. PREVENT-WOE, but should theatres be condemned without discrimination? I have somewhere read that, anciently moral and religious instruction was imparted through the theatre, and that plays depicted what was pure and ennobling. If you read some of the plays of the older dramatists, I think you will be convinced that they sought to make vice repulsive and virtue attractive.

I will convince you, MR. TEMPTED, that this is the exception at the present time. Disgusting hand-bills, posters, and advertisements, prove that the modern theatre has not only declined, but reached a depth of degradation unparalleled. The manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, London, resolved to sustain it by playing the legitimate drama. Because this did not draw, and he lost so much money through empty boxes, during six long years, he concluded that he must cater to the depraved public taste or close his house. He resolved

to do the former, and incited public attention by sensational notices. Within a short period, persons considered respectable, intellectual and fashionable, came to witness an abominable performance, mingled with characters low and debased, and his long-deserted house was nightly crowded.

Well, MR. PREVENTWOE, facts are stubborn things, and the testimony of the manager of a theatre so prominent, should have great weight. But I desire to visit some theatres to judge for myself. Some time since, when a son wished to see a certain play, his father objected, saying: "I have seen the folly of visiting theatres." The son replied: "By personally going, I want to see the folly of it too." I sympathise with the son, and wish to go, therefore no longer attempt to hinder me.

Not long since, MR. TEMPTED, you were publicly received as a member of Christ's flock. If you pay for a box-seat in a theatre, you may find yourself near a gambler or a fallen woman. If you take a seat in the gallery, you may mingle with swindlers, villains and profligates. Do you think it desirable to mingle with the vile in order to witness representations of crime that should make a true Christian shudder?"

I know, MR. PREVENTWOE, that I am a member of a Christian church, and feel the force of what you have said. But young Christians need recreation, and are not required to hear Psalm-tune music only, and to listen to nothing but firstly, secondly, thirdly, lastly, finally, and a few *practical* words in conclusion—though a critic recently said: *Why* the few closing words of a sermon should be the only PRACTICAL part, *he* could not understand.

Do you think, MASTER TEMPTED, that witnessing representations of jealousies, suicides, murders and other works of the devil, will give you recreation? Though at some theatres painting and poetry, music and eloquence are displayed, and a few performers, and some spectators have retained their purity, the evils are so numerous, and the risks so great, that if you go you may see the folly of it for yourself with sorrow.

But you know, MR. PREVENTWOE, that Christians do patronize theatres, and consider this no harm. A third-cousin of the daughter-in-law of MR. TELLTALE'S half-brother's son, told my sister's lady-friend's brother, that a certain church member came to the city from the country to transact busi-

ness, and was seen to enter a theatre ; but for the sake of peace, pray do not repeat this. Though he turned up his coat collar to hide part of his face, a church member saw him, and expressed surprise that *he*, one of Zion's pillars, should enter a theatre. Now, if one church member visits the theatre, why should not another ?

Suppose, MASTER TEMPTED, that the stage-manager had recognized one of the church members alluded to, and had ironically said : BROTHER CHEETUM, will you please open the performance by offering a few words of solemn prayer for God's blessing on virtue ridiculed and vice personified ! One of the ancient Church Fathers, who believed that the theatre is not a place sacred to God, and that Christians should not visit it, enforced his view by fable. He represented that in a certain city, Satan observed a Christian at a theatre, and at once seized him. As he was about to depart with him, some one cried with loud voice, "*That man is a Christian !*" But Satan answered : "The territory of all theatres is mine, and *whoever* I find thereon I claim."

Well, MR. PREVENTWOE, if a true Christian may not visit the Library of the Temple of Pleasure,

nor visit the Dance-hall, nor the Hall of Bacchus, nor the Gambling Saloon, nor the Theatre, in what way may a young man enjoy himself? Last Sunday my minister expounded his text, and said: "Commentators do not agree with me." Now I do not wish to wear an expression of countenance that will virtually say, "Religion does not agree with me."

My dear MASTER TEMPTED, a Christian is not required to abstain from innocent pleasures, nor to caricature Christianity by doleful looks. A professed Christian who looks as if he had seven children and no food for them, if not physically indisposed, must have forgotten that the possession of true religion fills the soul with gladness. The Christian may be cheerful as the merry birds of Spring. He need not say, "I *hope* I have a hope," but "I *know* in whom I have believed," and go on his way *rejoicing.* If true religion brought gloom and sadness, the Psalmist would not have prayed, "O, satisfy us *early* with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." A Christian who is always gloomy, must have misread the passage "Rejoice *ever more!*"

Pray, stop, MR. PREVENTWOE, and do not preach a sermon. I am inclined to believe that——

One moment, MASTER TEMPTED. I was about to add that, some who incite artificial joy in others, are the victims of hypochondria. Some time since an eminent actor visited a new physician, to obtain relief if possible. Perceiving the danger of his malady, as a last resort to arouse his spirits, the physician advised him to visit a certain theatre, and hear the renowned actor who causes uncontrolable laughter. But the man replies, "*I am myself that actor.*"

Excuse me, MR. PREVENTWOE. I have heard that story before, also, that for two thousand years the theatre has been a corrupter of the public morals in Greece, Rome, France, England and other countries. I, therefore, only desire to visit the theatre occasionally, and am prepared to look with cautious eyes and to hear with guarded ears.

You excuse *me*, MASTER TEMPTED, but when an incident is mentioned for instruction or entertainment, it is not polite, and is in bad taste to say "I heard that story before." Whoever pretends to utter what in some manner was never before uttered must be an original f——. I will not complete the sentence! You desire to visit the theatre only occasionally. I will therefore mention another inci-

dent, and if you have heard this one before, pray manifest politeness. One of the hearers of the Rev. Rowland Hill, having been called "a worldly-minded man," was much annoyed, and said to his minister, "I very seldom attend theatres; just now and then, once in a fortnight, and not as a regular habit, but as a very great treat, I do allow myself to take a ticket." To show that his own words condemn him, and that his heart *is* worldly, Mr. Hill says, "Suppose a person were to say to me, Mr. Hill *I hear you are a very dirty man. They say that you live on carrion!* and I should affirm, why, dear sir, I have been cruelly maligned; I eat carrion, indeed! No sir, I have as good roast and boiled meats at my table as you have at yours; it is true that now and then, not as a fixed habit, Sir, oh, no, but just once in a fortnight, or so, I do indulge myself in one delicious dinner of carrion!

It is evident, Mr. Preventwoe that Rowland Hill used great plainness of speech; and must have embarrassed his hearer who objected to be called "worldly-minded." Now, if *you* will not say, "I heard that before," I will relate an incident: a lady who delighted to attend the theatre

once rode in a mail coach with the REV. MR. HERVEY, and expatiated on the pleasures derived at theatres. To his question, "Pray, madam, what are those pleasures?" the lady answered, "They are three, sir,—pleasure before the play, in anticipation; pleasure during the play, in its enjoyment; and pleasure after the play in retracing it!"

The incident, MR. PLAYTEMPTED, is one of practical interest, and I thank you for its recital. You doubtless remember Hervey's calm reply: "Madam, you have omitted one more pleasure yet to be realized." To the lady's question, "What is that?" Mr. Hervey solemnly answers: "The pleasure which the *retrospect* of the time *so* spent, and the things *so* seen will afford you *when* laid on a death bed!"

Because the pleasures imitated and incited in the theatre do not afford satisfactory happiness to the performers, and death will grasp those who often feign death, a distinguished actor in a New York theatre, moved by the spiritual condition of himself and fellow actors, and the manner in which they are practically abandoned by the clergy, has written a touching letter to the earnest Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, inquiring, whether, in his efforts to benefit different classes of the

people, he cannot inaugurate a movement for the spiritual welfare of church-neglected actors.

The actor doubtless believes that, "Like the air, the Church should press equally on all the surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook and corner of humanity, and, like the sun, shine on all foul and low as well as fair and high."

The conversation was protracted until it was too late for MASTER TEMPTED to reach the theatre in season. He promised to meet MR. PREVENTWOE, at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening at Association Hall, to hear addresses on the question: "*Is it right for Christians to visit theatres?*" and they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER IX

Should Christians Visit Theatres.

THE announcement, "A public meeting will be held this evening, in Association Hall, to consider the above question," has drawn a large audience. On the platform are eminent professors, distinguished divines, and prominent citizens. The Chairman, HON. T. B. PLOUTOS, having bowed gracefully, says: "Ladies and Gentlemen—We have assembled to consider the oft-repeated question, '*Should Christians visit theatres?*' You are aware that a difference of opinion exists on this controverted subject. On some occasions disputants have manifested feelings of bitterness, and used language in no sense poetical. The distinguished gentlemen who are to speak to-night will, I trust, avoid harsh language and uncharitable judgment. But, as ST. MATTHEW would not have

personified KING HEROD, nor ST. MARK, JUDAS ISCARIOT, nor ST. LUKE the High Priest; CAIAPHAS, nor ST. JOHN PONTIUS PILATE, nor ST. PAUL and ST. PETER, the men who crucified the Saviour, nor either of the Apostles, the Devil—by whom Christ's foes were moved; and the early Christians would have shunned such a repelling exhibition, it is *questionable* whether Christians now should be either stage-actors or spectators. But as you will not expect the chairman to *discuss* the question, that you may hear one who has examined the subject thoroughly, I have great pleasure in introducing PROFESSOR ANETAZO, who fills the Chair of Ancient and Modern History in Upsistos University."

The PROFESSOR sets forth the origin, design and moral results of the theatre, and shows that, eminent men of ancient times denounced it as a department of Pleasure's Temple, through which multitudes have rushed to ruin. He quotes PLATO, who said: "Plays raise the passions and pervert the use of them, and therefore are dangerous to morality;"—also PLUTARCH, who declared that, "The Greeks grew so insanely fond of the theatre, that it corrupted them into indolence, luxury and effeminacy,

until they were prepared to bow to PHILIP's yoke;" —also SPARTAN, who, instead of viewing theatres as intellectually ennobling, said: "Surely a people must be *void of sense* to devote themselves in so earnest a manner to things *so frivolous!*" The Professor also quotes TERTULLIAN's warning to recently converted heathens: "No one goes over to the enemy's camp, unless he has thrown away his own arms, and deserted the standard and oaths of his chief. Will a Christian learn modesty who is staring at buffoons? While the tragedian is vociferating, will he meditate on the exclamations of a Prophet? During the melodies of an effeminate player, will he be meditating on a Psalm? What has light to do with darkness? life with death?" An eminent New York D. D. recently warned the Professor not to anathematize theatres, because he had recently visited one himself; but, instead, denounce the covetousness of church members, which is *idolatry;* and also the works of the flesh, specified by ST. PAUL, viz.: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings and such like.* But because the evils enume-

* Gal. v, 19-21.

rated are at some theatres elevated into the rank of splendid virtues, PROFESSOR ANETAZO quotes WESLEY'S words: "the theatre is the sink of all profaneness and debauchery;" also MACAULEY'S confirmation, "It is a seminary of vice;" and ALLISON'S declaration, that "This corruption of the theatre may be considered inevitable." Having expressed his own opinion, he closes, saying, "Let those who desire to be infected with each particular vice in the catalogue of depravity, *go* to the theatre."

A HEATHEN ON THE PLATFORM!

THE CHAIRMAN.—Seated near me is an eminent idolater, from Bombay, India. Though a worshipper of idols, he is highly educated, and eminently practical. In order to make just comparisons between Heathenism and Christianity, he spent some time in England. During his visit he familiarised himself with matters pertaining to both Church and State, and made the acquaintance of many Christians of good social standing. Occasionally he received invitations to attend prominent churches, to hear distinguished ministers; but the invitations to attend balls and concerts, and theatres and operas,

were much more numerous. Through a pressing invitation he came to America, but intends to leave for Bombay shortly. Being deeply interested in the question under consideration, he has consented to deliver a short address, embodying his impressions of British Christianity. I have, therefore, the great pleasure of introducing PROFESSOR KRITIKOS DOKIMAZO, of the Idol Divinity Department of the Hindoo University.

PROFESSOR DOKIMAZO expresses his great gratification that he is present at this meeting. As the doctrines and standards of the Anglican Church have been adopted by the Episcopal Church of the United States, he fears that some of his remarks may be viewed as too personal. But should he speak of the life and inconsistent walk of Christians in general, he can benefit no one in particular. That his statements may not be handed over from denomination to denomination, and neither plead guilty, he prefers to refer specially to members of the Church of England, whose doctrines are by law established, and to those who have elsewhere adopted them; for in order to benefit *anybody* he must mean *somebody*. He concludes that, as the *Gospels* nowhere sanction the treachery of Judas, nor the *Epistles*

the conduct of those who disgraced the early Church, those who claim to have descended from the Apostles in unbroken succession, cannot sanction what their ancestors denounced.

A voice.—MR. PRESIDENT, is not the gentleman out of order? Did we not convene to consider the simple question, *Should Christians visit theatres?* PROFESSOR DOKIMAZO has only mentioned the term "*Theatre,*" once, and already has introduced *Succession!*"

The CHAIRMAN.—"*Order! Order!* I can permit no interruption! We must allow a little latitude to a learned Hindoo. The Professor will please proceed, and I most earnestly beg that there may be *no further interruption!*"

The PROFESSOR expresses surprise that he should be thus interrupted by a gentleman whom he recognises as one who receives the Holy Communion, and who occupied a seat near me in a box *at* the theatre. He thinks it will be in harmony with the question announced, should he set forth the contrast between the requirements of the standards of the Church of England, and the life of many of her members. The MORMONS *consider* themselves *Christians*, and should he not confine his remarks

to the people with whom he mingled, some may imagine that they have reference to the people who recently lost their *Chief*. When the gentleman interrupted him, he was about to state that Christians affirm that Jehovah is the true and *living* God, and that his moral glories were revealed by His Son.

Before he can renounce heathenism, he must see Christ's moral mark on those who claim to be His followers. But instead of doing what God commands, and leaving undone what He prohibits many *truly confess*, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have done those things which we ought not to have done;" but who start early on Monday to act as before! Christ told His followers, "ye cannot serve God *and* Mammon;" but many seem resolved to try the experiment. He believes that if Christianity is a true religion, Christians in all ages and in all places should be distinguished from the world by their likeness to the Saviour. The Christians with whom he associated, talked of the glories of heaven, but seemed wholly absorbed in the pleasures of earth! Some affirmed that there is a Hell; and others that Hell is only an oriental figure. But those who said there really is a Hell, calmly sinned despite its

threatening terrors. He has learned from the New Testament, and Ecclesiastical History, that the followers of Christ were despised and persecuted; but Church members now claim that, it is commendable to avoid peculiarities, and gain the world's applause. He expressed himself interested in "*the principles of Christ's moral philosophy;*" but as so many Christians are not a peculiar people zealous of good works, he had concluded to "*continue a heathen!*"

A voice.—Will the Professor have the kindness to give us his views of

OUR BEAUTIFUL PRAYER-BOOK?

PROF. DOKIMAZO states that, before leaving London he published a book entitled *The Religion of the Metropolis of Christendom.* What he has said is, in substance, contained in this volume. In order to save time he will comply with the gentleman's request, by reading a short extract: "I do know that your PRAYER-BOOK, from beginning to end, breathes the spirit of such a true devotion, places the suppliant in a position so touchingly helpless before God, so abject in this dependence upon the grace he seeks through Christ, so deeply

contrite for the sins wherewith he has grieved the Holy Spirit, that *I, a wicked unbeliever*, can scarcely hear it read without being moved to tears." Because the intelligent, moral and respectable Christians, with whom he spent much time, were *misinterpreting commentaries* on their much-admired Liturgy, as he would exhort idolators who in words follow their ritual, but in their daily conduct defy their idol-god's wishes, so he would exhort Christians, who at theatres applaud so loudly week-days, and in church genuflect on Sundays: "Don't repeat petitions which simply have no sense, except in the mouth of one who is copying Christ in every word and deed; and then turn out into the world and lead a life a trifle better, or a trifle worse, than that of a civilized, but unconverted heathen, or an intelligent Hindoo. If your Prayer Book lessons of holiness are too strict *for you*, have the candor to confess it, and own that your Psalms are out of date, and that your Collects were written in days when men regarded Christ's example in a different light from which civilization and common-sense have since revealed to you. If Christ is a real person, and were now on earth, I know from the New Testament how He would be

treated. Viewing Him as the hinderer of her joys, the fine lady, with a look of scorn, would pick her way past Him; but the poor would gladly crowd around Him as their sympathizing friend. Could I see Christ's ministers defying public opinion, and raising high His standard, hear them, with untremulous tone, re-echoing his precepts, and see Christians, rather than walk hand-in-hand with the votaries of pleasure, calmly bearing ridicule and scorn, their Christ-like life would be to me a more convincing evidence of the truth of Christianity, than the affirmed miraculous feeding of five thousand in the wilderness, or the raising of LAZARUS from the dead."

A voice: The Professor has taken advantage of this occasion to advertise his book, and increase its circulation.

The PROFESSOR answers: "The gentleman is surely mistaken, for I mentioned it under a fictitious title, and also withheld the names of the publishers,"—and now takes his seat.

The CHAIRMAN: You have had the pleasure of listening to an able Professor of Ancient and modern History, one conversant with the views of distinguished men in the past and at the present

time. You have also heard the learned Professor of Idol Divinities, who has been studying practical Christianity in the nineteenth century. I now have the pleasure of introducing a successor of the Apostles, with his additional titles :

THE RIGHT REVEREND
NOUTHETEO THARLOS FEARLESS,
BACHELOR OF ARTS, MASTER OF ARTS,
DOCTOR OF SCIENTIFIC THEOLOGY, DOCTOR OF LAWS,
DOCTOR OF CIVIL LAWS, AND DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.

The Bishop, with smiling face and pleasant tone, says: "I have received all the titles mentioned, but as they came in rapid succession, I was not the least afraid. If I exercised my episcopal functions in England, I would be '*Lord Bishop*' in addition, and have a seat in Parliament with the Peers of the realm. After the facetious and pleasant manner in which the Chairman introduced me, to tune my audience, I will mention an incident that made even a bishop *smile.* A lady, who expected a *Lord Bishop* to dinner, instructed the servants to observe the rules of etiquette, and told each to address him as '*My Lord*,' and to speak of him as '*His Lordship.*' All did their best to carry out instructions ;

but when one passed part of the dessert, his lordship declined to take it; and the waiter returned it to the lady, saying, '*The Lord* will not take any *pudding!*'"

With a look of dignity, BISHOP FEARLESS now alludes to the great pleasure and extreme pain with which he listened to PROFESSOR KRITICOS DOKIMAZO. He was pleased that he appreciated so highly the standard of morality enjoined by the Saviour, but pained by his statements respecting the Christians to whom he alluded. He most sincerely hopes that the Professor will make a distinction between the holy standards of the Church, and the inconsistent conduct of some of her members. There was a JUDAS among the twelve, but *all* were not betrayers. Now, as in Christ's days, there are tares *with* the wheat, but *all* Christians are not *tares.* As the belief is spreading that "eminent piety in the Church is no hindrance to profound rascality in the mart of commerce;" and the impression prevails that, "members of the Episcopal Church have the privilege of indulging in worldly pleasures," the public must be informed that all who hold our Prayer-Book and join in the services, are not church members; for on Communion Sundays three-fourths

of most congregations leave. If church-communicants claim that *they* may indulge in all the pleasures in which the children of Satan indulge, they should be asked to name "*the* pomps and vanities of this wicked world," which, by wearing the cross and receiving the Holy Communion, they profess to have "*renounced.*" The Bishop now propounds,

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR EPISCOPALIANS.

As the stage sows the seed of corruption, and degeneracy is the law of its being, and the theatre is the sepulchre of virtue, and stenchful with putrefaction, and is in no way connected with the narrow path that leads to life, *why* should Christians visit the theatre? As the stage has always proved itself a school of immorality, and all efforts to purify it have hopelessly failed, and holiness is not increased by familiarity with scenes of vice, *why* should Christians visit the theatre? As the theatre is a place of present evil, and leads to future woe, and MACREADY, the star actor of England declared: "None of my children with my consent, under any pretense, shall enter the theatre, nor associate with play-actors or actresses," why should Christians visit the theatre? As the Rev. JOHN HALL, D.D.,

warns Presbyterians that, "Whatever its abstract powers might be, the theatre is, in point of fact, mischievous on the whole. * * * Pure plays cannnot get players or spectators. * * * I never go, never advise any one to go, and am very sorry when I hear of Christians going;"—*why* should members of *the* Church visit the theatre? As Christians would be surprised to see actors steadily attending the service of the Church, do not actors justly express surprise that so many Christians patronise the theatre? The Bishop now declares that,

THE THEATRE IS NOT ONE OF THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Though the goddess of pleasure induced a Doctor in Divinity to preach a sermon on the advantages of attending theatres, and gloss the snares laid for the feet of youthful innocence, a weeping mother sobs, "O my child! my child! He is just committed to prison! O, that theatre! He was a kind and virtuous youth until the theatre proved his ruin!" A father, with aching heart, exclaims in tones of anguish, "My two sons were both hopelessly ruined through witnessing indecent plays at the * * * Theatre!" A youth upon his death bed says, "In an

evil hour I accepted an invitation to attend the theatre. From that hour I trace my wanderings and my ruin." The theatre has allured vast multitudes into the paths of vice, and filled their hearts with lamentation, mourning, and woe. Though some Episcopalians visit theatres, it slanders the Church to affirm that their conduct is sanctioned by her. She does *not* teach that persons may devote their life to the service of the devil, and all the time be safe for glory. Only those are safe who renounce the world's pomps and vanities, and fight manfully against sin, the world and the devil, until their life's end. Long since the House of Bishops raised a warning voice to the clergy, and urged the clergy to warn their people of the danger of indulging in whatever may *tend* to withdraw their affection from things above. Communicants should not be misinterpreting commentaries of our Prayer-Book, but Christ's living epistles. They should daily soar the mount of holiness, praying, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day *without sin*." The Church has made no liturgical provision for the gratification of the tastes of the spiritually dead. Theatrical performances represent life in false colors, make fiction fascinating and realities wearisome; distort re-

ligion and caricature morality; ridicule female purity and youthful simplicity; teach spectators to laugh at sin, and change the habits of both thought and action; lower the standard of virtue, make vice attractive, and kindle the flames of passion. Therefore *In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*, and in behalf of the Church, I fearlessly proclaim that, from the licentious tendency of plays, and their strong temptations to vice, CHRISTIANS SHOULD NOT VISIT THEATRES.

A Voice: "It is fortunate that *you* are not Bishop of the Diocese where I reside, and that your salary was secured by endowment before you were consecrated!"

CHAPTER X.

The House of Death.

WHEN Mammon's temples are closed the gates of the House of Death are opened. While merchants repose in their princely abodes, and honest mechanics sleep in their humble homes, Licentiousness begins her fearful revel. The air vibrates with the profanity of "fast young men," and the wild laugh of women who glory in their shame. Iniquity now stalks abroad without a blush, and the midnight scenes repel and the sounds appal. In the Temple of Sinful Pleasure are alluring avenues from one compartment into another. The patron of the debasing library can pass therefrom into the Dance-hall, and from the Dance-hall into the Saloon of Bacchus. From the Saloon of Bacchus he can easily reach the Gambling Hell, and pass from thence to the Theatre. With-

out difficulty he can pass from the Theatre to the adjacent House of Death. Those who have been there may be nervous that the place is to be even mentioned; but generally prudery is impurity in a cloak; and "*Ill-deemers* are commonly *ill-doers*." All should shun what they blush to hear alluded to. The enchantress of the House of Death waves her magic wand, and presents before the vision of innocent youth a fairy castle, and bids him enter, saying:

"Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow lies afar; see, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season,
And first beholds this cordial julep here
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds."

Several young men are near, and half inclined to enter; but one, who has been truly regenerated, and whose affection is set on things above, repels the seducer, saying:

"Were it a draught of Juno, where she banquets
I would not taste thy treason's offer; none
But such as are *good* can give me good things,
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite."

According to an ancient fable, there resided on the coast of Sicily

THREE SISTER SYRENS.

By the enchantment of their singing, they allured to the shore any voyager who sailed within sound of their voices. But no sooner was he in their power than they cruelly destroyed him. Their singing seemed celestial, but their embrace was infernal. The sun-bleached bones of their victims could be seen from afar, and forewarned of danger; but the music enchanted the premonished sailor to hasten to the shore. Though the voices of the Syrens thrilled the hearts of all in the distance, ruin and woe came to all who approached them. A Syren's voice attracts the young to the vestibule of the House of Death, and while some hasten away with fingers in their ears, many linger at the dangerous threshold. Reckless of consequences, yonder noble youth concludes to be a victim. Having defiled his imagination with the corrupting novel, and inflamed his passions by the exciting play, he is now induced to enter. But soon, alas! he learns that the "strange woman," like a Upas tree, fills the air with moral pestilence. Her with-

ering touch affects body, soul and spirit, and ruins the fairest of the fair. She embraces within her grasp, as the frightful Sirocco, to lay low in the dust. Branding her victims with the House of Death's stigma, they leave with

CHARACTER PAINTED ON THE COUNTENANCE.

We need not visit foreign picture galleries to behold pictures of the transforming power of vice. The strange woman with bloated face, and painted cheeks, and brazen brow, was once a blushing, modest girl. That repelling man, who carries the scars of his campaigns in the battle of appetite, was once a pure and joyous youth. Iniquity reveals its secrets, and vice tells tales. The features become the play-ground of both thought and action, and carry the brands of the Divine indignation. The youth who recently entered with elastic step, and ruddy cheeks and sparkling eye, emerges with shattered nerves, pallid cheeks, filmy eyes, blunted moral sensibilities, the brand of moral death and ruined prospects. Near this compartment of sinful pleasure is a dead-sea stream

"Of dark corruption ; far and wide it spreads ;
And many sporting on the fatal brink,
Do never more to health and hope return ;
For those who plunge do straight forget their God,
And curse themselves and die."

Surely the Christian youth need not envy that emaciated votary of pleasure who is daily filing off some delicate life-cord, and rapidly burning up vitality. The sinner's guilty joys, like the crackling of thorns under a pot, sparkle brightly and crackle loudly, because they must soon burn out. He fears all the time that his shame may come to light, and that his virtuous friends will shun him. He looks this way and that way, as if a detective were after him; and smiles with his face while he has the heart-ache. It is not well with the wicked even in this life. All soon learn, that

THE VOTARIES OF PLEASURE ARE FEARFULLY DECEIVED.

Their joys are transient, but the succeeding woes protracted and terrible. The goddess promises happiness but gives misery. She invites the young to see life, and those who see it find the rest of life a burden. She allures them into her temple to have a good time, but plunges them into wretchedness. That the goddess deceives her votaries, the advertising columns of the daily papers prove. How numerous the advertisements "*To the afflicted*"—"*To the unhappy*"—"*To nervous sufferers*"—"*To the*

melancholy." Those who are thus offered joy-restoring remedies, *not* to be nervous, *nor* afflicted, *nor* melancholy, became "*fast young men*," and with bounding step entered pleasure's temple; but now they are physically, morally, mentally and socially wretched. Their misdeeds haunt them, conscience troubles them, and the sharp teeth of remorse bite their guilty spirits. Should the writer print the statistics of the House of Death, the writhing agonies of the wounded and groaning victims, would grate upon the ear, and be offensive to the eye; and the records of the vast multitudes slain would fill the reader's heart with sorrow. Could the bones of the human victims, morally and physically slaughtered therein, including the skeletons of the youth of both sexes, once bright and noble, be gathered and piled, the circumference and height of the death-pile would horrify, and warn all pure young men and maidens, not to join the brotherhood of darkness.

A HEART-TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Some time since a handsome and generous youth was engaged to a beautiful girl, who loved him with a guileless confidence. In an evil hour he is allured

to enter pleasure's dangerous temple. When this is known by her who expected soon to marry him, she begins to pine in anguish and soon dies through sorrow. He, who broke her pure and loving heart, is soon overtaken by physical and mental retribution. A friend, who is not aware that he had entered pleasure's temple, visits him. But, O, how great the change! His eyes are now dim, and his cheeks pale, and his tones sad, and his appearance ghastly! Not to alarm him by any allusion to his illness, his friend says: "*How is Mary? When are you to be married?*" With a terrible expression he presses his hands to his face, and through streaming tears asks, "Have you called to heap still heavier reproach upon me?" As if heart-broken, he sobs, "*O, Mary, Mary, dead, dead, dead!*" His friend surprised, says "*Dead!* that healthy, merry creature *dead!* That blooming cheek cold and white! Those laughing eyes glassy and fixed! That happy, loving voice silenced? Those tresses a mere bower for worms! Is this *possible?*" The sick man, drawing forth a picture, lifts it up, also a ringlet of hair, and, with downcast eyes, answers: "Yes, *Mary is dead.* This is *all* that I have left of her now. I shall never meet her

more. Heaven was made for her, but Hell for me."

THE PANGS OF REMORSE.

His friend endeavored to soothe his sorrow, but he cries in a deep unnatural voice: "It is not that Mary is dead that cuts me so deeply, but by associating with * * * I caused my virtuous Mary's death. But, with her clinging heart withering away within her, *she loved me to the end;* and her dying eyes—the homes of silent prayer—will *haunt me through eternity in Hell!*" No wonder that the pure maiden should have pined away when she saw that a foul hand, in the House of Death, had torn the blossoms of purity from him around whom her sympathies were twined, and had left only the dead leaves of the memory of a blighted love to strew upon her grave. In the emaciated form, and unnatural look, and agonizing groans, and bitter self-reproach of that remorse-stricken sick one, we learn the horrid history of the danger of standing even near the entrance to the House of Death. But whoever is meditating evil is at the dangerous threshhold; and whoever anywhere indulges in sin, has crossed it and *entered.* SOLOMON, who went

in and just escaped with his life, to the young gives

ADVICE HOW TO ESCAPE THE HOUSE OF DEATH'S WOES:

Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister;
And call understanding thy kinswoman.
That they may keep thee from the strange woman,
From the stranger who flattereth with her words.
For at the window of my house,
I looked through my casement
And beheld among the simple ones.
I discerned among the youths,
A young man void of understanding, * * *
And, behold, there met him a woman
With the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart; * * *
So she caught him and kissed him,
And with an impudent face said unto him:
I have peace-offerings with me;
This day I have paid my vows;
Therefore came I forth to meet thee,
Diligently to seek thy face; and I have found thee.
With her much fair speech she causeth him to yield,
With the flattery of her lips she forced him.
He goeth after her straightway,
As an ox goeth to the slaughter,
Or as a *fool* to the correction of the stocks·
'Till a dart strike through his liver,
As a bird hasteth to the snare
And knoweth not that it is for his life
Hearken unto me now, therefore, O ye children,
And attend to the words of my mouth.
Let not thy heart decline to her ways,

Go not astray in her paths;
For she hath cast down many wounded;
Yea, many strong men have been slain by her.
Her house is the way to hell,
Going down to the chambers of death.

Therefore, remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened; nor the clouds return after the rain; in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened; * * * * Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; * * * * Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

CHAPTER XI.

Imploring Cries for Help, and Vengeance.

MANY are anxious to escape from the horrors of the House of Death. The air rings with cries for deliverance from a life of sin and shame. Many cry, "O, rescue us, rescue us, and we will consent to live on bread and water!" Others plead, "Do save us speedily, or soon reason will reel from her throne!" Many, in imploring tones, say, "O, deliver us, deliver us, or we must escape the woes of this house by suicide!" Others, frantic by reason of their degradation, shriek in piercing tones, "Punish the vile *wretches* who brought us to this misery! Why should those who hurled us from our pinnacle of virtue be considered respectable, enjoy the privi-

leges of society, and *we* be treated as perpetual social outcasts? *Place the same social brand on deceivers that is placed on the deceived, and keep them also from the homes of the virtuous.*" Some, wild with fury, cry, "Oh, *Prince of Torment*, seize those who corrupted us, and plunge them down to thy lowest depths of woe!" *Hark! hark!* Several cry in awful unison, "*O, King of Hell!* if thou hast darts *sharper* than others, flames *more blasting* than others, fiends *fiercer* than others, let them give *additional torment* to those who allured, ruined, and then *abandoned* us!" Believing that their betrayers are in the hands of a righteous Judge, instead of imprecating vengeance, many plaintively say:

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray:
"O, God, *make haste* to help us!
O, Lord, *make speed to save us!*"

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF THE FALLEN.

The Son of Man *came* to seek and to save *that* which is *lost.* Multitudes despised by men ventured into His gracious presence. By acquitting

the woman whom the Pharisees brought to be condemned, He proved that there is salvation for the vilest. As His blood cleanseth from *all* sin, the Church must not abandon poor fallen ones to the care of policemen, prisons, penitentiaries, *and* the *bottomless pit*!

The formal observance of imposing ritual, the regular repetition of the creed and the prayers, the due observance of the holy sacrament, and constant preaching to *nurture the regenerate*, do not *complete* the work for which Christ's Church was founded. Realising this, some of the clergy and laity are bursting through Gospel-hindering restraints, and, Christ-like, are appealing to the universal conscience and heart of humanity, and laboring with intense earnestness to seek and save the lost. Plaintively they sing:—

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring ones, pity the fallen,
Tell them of *Jesus*, the mighty to save

Down in the human heart, crushed by the Tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them,
Tell the poor wanderer a *Saviour* has died.

Believing that it is the duty of the Church to travail for the melioration of the Social Evil, the Archbishop of York fearlessly declares that, Christianity is the *only* agency that can breast the power of any specific form of sin in the heart or the life. Legislation has failed, and must fail, to cure the sins of impurity and drunkenness, now so terribly prevalent, for only the power of a *new life in Christ* can cope with them successfully. The Evangelist-Archbishop denounces the share which the stronger, and therefore *more guilty sex*, have taken in the *perpetuation* of the social evil, which is one of the gloomiest chapters in the history of the human race. He unhesitatingly declares, that free and full forgiveness of *all sin*, through the finished work of Christ, should be *proclaimed unto all.*

MIDNIGHT MISSIONS TO RESCUE THE FALLEN.

During the years that Church work was confined to a few hours on Sunday, multitudes of lost ones passed to the world of woe *unwarned.* Through devoted Christian laymen, and self-sacrificing women, a few heard that Christ is the *protector* of the *defenceless*, the *comforter* of the *mourner*, the friend of

the *outcast*, and the *Saviour* of the *lost*. But for several years past many ministers have respectfully refused to *confine* their ministrations to those only who are able to pay pew rent. Some who preach in gorgeous gothic churches by day, gladly address fallen ones in humble halls at midnight. In various cities, through church work after dark, many have been rescued, and sad hearts filled with ecstacy. Through the midnight mission in London, for twenty years past, about a thousand fallen ones have been annually reclaimed. During the last fifteen years *one* committee alone reached twenty-five thousand one hundred fallen ones, and over seventy per cent. have been reformed. They ranged in age from fifteen to forty years. More than half had been left orphans, and had grown up without special protection. Records show that many are ruined through debasing literature, and accompanying godless young men to balls and parties, concerts and theatres; some through deluding advertisements to entrap the unwary, and others through starvation wages or extreme poverty. Said one who wrote to the L. M. M. Secretary, "I am a poor, unfortunate girl; I have no means of earning my living; *I have not a friend in the world.* I have

been so reduced with illness that *I lived on one shilling a week before I ever did wrong.* Oh, sir, for the love of all you hold dear on earth and in Heaven, do not treat this lightly, for it is *impossible* to live much longer as I am at present." A London police detective affirmed that ninety-nine times in a hundred a young woman's abandonment to sin can be traced to the unkind or brutal treatment of relatives or employers.

HOW A RESCUED FALLEN ONE WAS GREETED.

Under the plain preaching of a faithful minister, an abandoned one is convicted of the evil of her course, and gladly enters a penitentiary. After she had found mercy, she often thought of her mother, and one day said: "If my mother is alive I desire to *see her;* and if she is dead I should like to see her grave." To gratify her wish, a Christian takes her to where her mother lived. Knocking at a neighbor's door, he asks whether Mrs. * * * now lives at the old place, and receives the answer, "She does; but if she is alive, that's all—she is *dying!*" Soon he enters the mother's room, and finds her very weak, but happy in the Lord. "*What should I do now,*" she says, "*had I no Saviour?*" Think-

ing of her long-lost daughter the hot tears start. Loving her *fallen* child, she says, "I have one dear and only daughter. If I could see my dear child *once more*, give her my dying advice, and parting kiss and blessing"—The Christian who accompanied her daughter, to relieve the mother's anxiety, says: "*Your child still lives.*" The mother instantly answers, "Oh, then, there is hope for her yet!" At a given signal the daughter enters, and the mother throws her dying arms around her neck, saying: "Oh, my dear child, my dear child! *O that God would save you!*" The daughter having asked her mother's forgiveness, she answers, "Ah! my love, I never had aught against thee. *Ask the Lord to pardon thee.*" When the dying one hears the cheering words, "Oh, mother, *the Lord*, for *Christ's* sake *has forgiven* me," the overjoyed mother answers, "If this is true, *let me die;* for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!"

A FATHER'S HEART HARDER THAN THE HEART OF A MOTHER.

When the daughter hears her father's footstep she hides behind the curtain; and when the stranger says, "Your wife is very ill, sir," he sternly

answers, "*It is all through an accursed daughter!*" To the question, "If your daughter asked pardon, would you forgive her?" with unrelenting look, he answers, "*No!* I would *dash her brains out* against that door step!" Knowing that she is near, the dying wife says, "Would you not allow her to come and say farewell to *me?*" The husband answers, "I would let her say farewell to you, but I would *turn her out of doors* the moment after!" The trembling daughter hearing this, resolves to come from her hiding place, kiss her dying mother, and at once leave the house to *avoid* expulsion. Approaching the bedside, she kisses her mother, and with an aching heart, says, "*Farewell,*" and turns to leave the house, but several times turns back again.

IMPLORING AN INDIGNANT FATHER'S PARDON.

With an aching heart the agitated girl turns to her father, falls upon her knees and humbly implores his forgiveness for all the sorrow she has caused him. But he sternly answers, "*No!* I wish you were dead, *and in woe!*" The penitent daughter answers, "But *mother* has forgiven me, and GOD has forgiven me; Father, will *you not forgive*

me?" Cursing her, as before, he answers, "*I will not!*" The daughter with streaming tears replies, "Well, if you will not forgive me, father, only let me kiss you and say good-bye." Placing her arms around his neck, she says, "Good-bye, good-bye, father." His sternness now unbends. His hard heart softens. His soul is thrilled with emotion. Relenting while his daughter's arms are around his neck, in tremulous tone he says, "*Oh, my daughter, you have overcome me!*" The lost child has been found. Her father is reconciled. Her mother departs in peace! Her spirit now mingles with angels, who, when a sinner repents, take their harps of gladness, and with joyful songs and choral symphonies—

"CIRCLE ROUND GOD'S THRONE REJOICING."

CHAPTER XII.

Solomon's Ironical Mandate, and Solemn Warning.

AFTER the manner that Elijah commands the priests of Baal, saying "Cry aloud; for he *is* a god: either he is talking, or he is *up and down at the altar*,* or he is in a journey, of perdventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked,"† so Solomon says, "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth; and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the sight of thine eyes!"‡ But the counsel that the epicure, or atheist would give sincerely, Solomon utters ironically; and to the young man and young woman who, despite their mother's tears and a father's entreaties, have resolved to enter Pleasure's Temple,

* Marginal Reading. † 1 Kings xviii., 27. ‡ Eccles. xi., 9.

Solomon, with his silvered locks and furrowed brow, as if impatient at their folly, cries, "*Go! Go!!* Live a merry life! Do what you please! Visit each department of Pleasure's Temple! Stop at nothing that will gratify appetite." But, that he may not be misunderstood, with solemn face, and subdued tone, he adds, "But know thou, that for *all* these things GOD WILL BRING THEE INTO JUDGMENT."

Because the young and giddy turn not at God's reproof, Solomon seriously inquires:

> "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?
> And the scorners delight in their scorning?"

Hear now God's warning to those who despise Him:

> Because I have called, and ye have refused;
> I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded;
> But ye have set at naught all my counsel,
> And would none of my reproof:
> I also will laugh at your calamity
> I will mock when your fear cometh;
> When your fear cometh as desolation,
> And your destruction cometh as a whirlwind;
> When distress and anguish cometh upon you,
> Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer;
> They shall seek me early, but they shall not find me:
> For that they hated knowledge
> And did not choose the fear of the Lord;

Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way,
And be filled with their own devices.
For the turning away of the simple shall slay them,
And the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.
But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely,
And shall be quiet from fear of evil.*

REJOICING TURNED TO MOURNING.

In a distant city multitudes are crowding into a capacious building, and anticipate great joy. The place is gaily decorated, and garlands embellish the walls, galleries and orchestra. Draperies of gauze and muslin, and vases with tissue-paper flowers produce a pleasing effect. The scene-paintings are made dazzling by a thousand suspended lamps on the walls and ceiling. Strains of lively music burst from the orchestra, and all seem happy as the merry birds of Spring. To illumine a transparent crescent a man is igniting the lamps, but the paraffine takes fire, and, swift as lightning, the surrounding gauzy fabrics are all ablaze! The flames mount to the cupola, and ignite the paraffine in the pendant lamps. Instantly is heard the shriek of alarm and the wail of despair. The strings suspending the lamps are burned, and they fall upon the terror-stricken

* Prov. i. 22–35.

multitude. The flames roar furiously, and soon spread through the edifice. Escape is impossible, for none can pass the spreading sheets of flame. Fed by the paraffine-saturated clothing of the victims, on whom the lamps from the ceiling fell, the entire area resembles a sea of flaming fire! Shrieks rend the air, and the cries of agony are terrible! Soon the roof falls, and the fragile dome comes down with fearful crash, burying the roasting and hissing bodies beneath the ruins! Thus, without premonition, or time to devise means of escape, this dire calamity burst upon the victims, leaving nothing of the decorated place but an unsightly pile of ruins, and nothing of the multitude who had assembled to be joyful, but their calcined bones—illustrating how *suddenly* earthly gladness may be turned into sorrow, and also how what is material and temporal speedily passeth away.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The votary of earth may dare
To gratify desires unbounded,
Till overwhelmed with dark despair.

RETRIBUTION, PRESENT AND TO COME.

All who enter the Temple of Pleasure and join the brotherhood of darkness, in whatever depart-

ment they may revel, soon learn that, adjacent to the temple are retributive dungeons. For while new victims are entering, many who preceded them are writhing in agony, and many daily die. And as branches of sin's temple are *wherever* sin is committed, so retributive wards are *wherever* mental and physical sorrows follow. The votaries of pleasure who, *through their iniquity*, are ill in the uncarpeted garrets or gloomy cellars, in low lodging-houses or in darkened rooms of gorgeous mansions, in palaces, hospitals or prisons, may consider themselves *in* the Temple's wards of punishment, and awaiting the judgment to come.

Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare my soul, to meet Him.

THE TEMPLE OF PLEASURE IN FLAMES.

The territory of this temple is a sin-cursed earth. The inmates are those who serve the world, the flesh and the devil. From the Library, Dance-Hall, Saloon of Bacchus, Gambling Hell, Theatre and House of Death, hideous shrieks rend the air.

The themes of the corrupting novel now burn their readers' polluted spirits. The evils that resulted from dancing disquiet the souls of those thereby corrupted. The throats of drunkards seethe with the bitter dregs of the wife's woe and the children's sorrow. The ill-gotten gains of gamblers burn them like molten fire. Harrowing pangs of concentrated woe torture those who led the virtuous to the House of Death, and all who, in desperate revenge, then allured others thither. Their aroused consciences inflict terrible torments, and remorse fiercely bites their guilty spirits. The foundation of the temple shakes, and the terrified inmates wildly rush hither and thither. The hail-storm of judgment rattles on the roof, and the lightning's forked flashes reveal the horrors now reigning within. Flames suddenly burst from every door and window, and their irradiating brightness turns night into day. The different departments of the temple are consumed in rapid succession, and the horrid cries of the inmates grow fainter and fainter. The flames rush from avenue to avenue, and the Fire-fiend spreads destruction as during his reign in Chicago and Boston. The Temple of Pleasure is destroyed by God's let-loose vengeance! But where are now the guilty inmates?

CHAPTER XIII.

St. Augustine and the Fallen Gladiator.

THE importance of avoiding places of temptation was strikingly illustrated by ST. AUGUSTINE. Soon after his conversion, some of his old companions desired him to accompany them to the amphitheatre, but as he detested the gladiatorial combats he declined the invitation. With persistence they declared that he must certainly go if they had to force him thither; but with vehemence he answered, "though you drag my body to that place and set me there, can you force me to turn my mind or my eyes to look at the combats?" Strong in his resolution not to be tempted, he adds, "I shall then be absent while present, and so shall *overcome both you and them!*" Overpowered by

the strength of his companions, he is forced into the amphitheatre, but closes his eyes, and forbids his thoughts to dwell on the human struggle. But though his eyes are closed his ears are open! One of the combatants falls, and, to applaud the victor, the air rings with the usual bursts of shouting! This mighty sound, exciting AUGUSTINE'S curiosity, he *opens* his eyes! Beholding the blood of the vanquished one, he drinks down savageness. Instead of turning away his head and again closing his eyes *he* becomes intoxicated with the butchering pastime. With his old associates who forced him into the place, now spattered with human blood, he becomes highly excited! As he beholds the continued conflicts, AUGUSTINE and his companions shout aloud in unison! He affirmed that he would overcome them by being absent in mind, though present in body! But by placing him where he could hear what he could not see, *they overcame him.*

SATAN CANNOT COMPEL US TO SIN.

He has ability to allure, but not to coerce. He can strongly tempt, but has limited power. Were we guilty because severely tempted, our destruction

would be certain. But were we prompted to sin by ten thousand devils, so long as we yield not we are innocent. We do not sin, therefore, when only tempted, for we are in no way responsible for the work of the devil. *Responsibility commences* just when the will voluntarily yields to his temptation, saying, "*that sin I will gladly commit.*" God Himself does not *force* the human will. He allures to acts of holiness, but to be virtuous they must be voluntary. For being *in* the amphitheatre ST. AUGUSTINE was not responsible. For his *forced* presence there his companions were accountable. But when he opened his eyes, and applauded human butchering, *that instant* he was personally guilty. Because Satan cannot force the will he acts indirectly by his subtle wiles or his fiery darts. At first he incites but a single wicked thought. Like an archer shooting his arrow, the mind sends this evil thought across a deep chasm. Though fine as a gossamer thread, once fixed on the opposite side, it can draw over a small cord of evil desire. This cord attached can draw over a rope of sinful emotion. This rope of passion draws the wire of voluntary consent, and soon this mental suspension bridge is a sure pathway to actual evil. The one

tempted, having said "*I will*," is walking across it to that department of Pleasure's Temple where his heart is. Therefore impress your mind with the importance of mental purity. And as Satan charms through the polluting novel, the lascivious dance, the indecent ballad, the rattling dice, the drunkard's bowl, the corrupting play, and the courtesan's voice, pray:

Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a durable spirit within me.

HOW ALL MAY KEEP FROM FALLING.

Yield not to temptation, for *yielding is sin*,
Each vict'ry will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer though often cast down;
The merciful Saviour, our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through. *

* H. R. Palmer.

God will not allow Satan to tempt you immoderately,—above your ability to bear. He will not permit him to overpower your will, nor to force you to sin. God, who permits you to be tempted, will give you equivalent strength. When duly tested, He will open the door of escape, and deliver you from the (d)evil. For forty days Christ was tempted by Satan in the wilderness, but yielding not, He retained His purity. Having Himself suffered through temptation, He will give you strength to wrestle with the adversary, and make you victorious, saying: *Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ.**

* 1 Cor. xv, 57.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mercy for the Temple's Sin-sick.

WHILE Christ shunned the company of the giddy and the gay, He was present for their welfare in seasons of sorrow. Though He sat not at the table of the palace of the Cæsars, He ate and drank with publicans and sinners. He has left many footsteps of His journeys to places of sorrow, to heal the sick and lame, open the ears of the deaf and give sight to the blind. One charge brought against Him by the hypocritical Pharisees He never denied, viz., "*This man receiveth sinners!*" Those who have burned up their vitality in the Temple of Pleasure, and who are now sick and wretched, may banish dark despair, and find Christ a friend. He offers mercy to the vilest, and, to inspire with hope, declares, "They that are whole need not a physician,

but *they that are sick.*" To the sin-sick in Pleasure's Dungeons, He says: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." He is going over the dangerous precipice to rescue the bruised sheep, and hastening over hill and dale, to catch the cry of suffering, and turn sorrow into joy! With eyes beaming with love, He is going through the Temple's hospital, saying, in tones of mercy, "*Look unto Me and live.*" Through the chaplains in prisons, reformatories and penitentiaries He proclaims the glad tidings: All who are in danger, I am ready to rescue! All who are guilty, I will freely pardon! All who repent and believe, God will fully justify! All who are polluted, the Holy Ghost can sanctify!

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains!

God hates the sins committed in Pleasure's Temple, but to the agonized sufferers He is merciful and gracious. Christ, Himself, is pure and spotless, but His hand of love lifts up the vilest. Though the Holy Ghost has long been grieved, He waits to impart peace that passeth understanding. To show

that there is mercy for the penitent and hope for the polluted, Mercy justified the sin-confessing publican, and told the guilty woman to "Go, and sin no more!" A broken and contrite spirit, God does not despise. He pardoneth and absolveth all who truly repent, and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel. All who are *righted through faith* have peace with God through Jesus Christ. There is *no condemnation* to them that are in Christ Jesus! On earth the penitent and pardoned profligate sings:

"Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
I am saved through the blood of the Crucified One."

This joyful sound reaching the throne above, the glad command is given:

Ring the bells of Heaven! There is joy to-day,
For the wand'rer now is reconciled!
Yea, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born a-new, a ransomed child.

Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHAPTER XV.

The Grand Finale.

Howl, ye, for the day of the Lord is at hand;
It shall come as a destruction from the Almighty!*

BY command of Jehovah, soon will be displayed before the assembled universe, the world's catastrophe. He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness.† Then will occur the crash of Gentile nations.‡ And

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

The Evangelistic-angel, flying through the midst of Heaven, proclaims, with a loud voice,

Fear God and give glory to Him,
For the hour of His judgment is come.§

* Isaiah xiii. 6. † Acts xvii. 31. ‡ Dan. ii. 35. § Rev. xiv. 6, 7.

The premonitions that the great day of the Lord is near and hasteth greatly, are *the celestial omens* in the sun and moon and stars—fearful sights and great signs.* *The political portents* are: wars and rumors of wars; great distress of nations with perplexity; men's hearts failing them with fear through gloomy forbodings.† *The moral auguries* are: SEDUCING SPIRITUALISTS urging Christians to pry into the secrets of the departed through under-table-rapping demons, who, in this age of telegrams and of stenography, have to pore through the alphabet to give a spirit-demon's short name.‡ Also perilous times through individual selfishness; disregard of parental authority; absence of natural affection; reckless contract breaking; despising the truly godly, and *a form of godliness without the power.*§ The *precursors ecclesiastical* are: FAITHFUL AND WISE MINISTERS crying, "*Behold the Bridegroom cometh speedily!*"‖ and their laity, the *Wise Virgins*, gladly going forth to meet Him.¶ The PEACE AND SAFETY MINISTERS, smiting those who alarm the slumberers, eating and drinking with the drunken, and proclaiming to their laity, the *Fool-*

* Matt. xxiv. 29; Luke xxi. 11. † Luke xxi. 25, 26. ‡ 1 Tim. iv. 1; Rev. xvi. 14. § 2 Tim. iii. 3-5. ‖ Matt. xxiv. 45-46. ¶ Matt. xxv. 4-10.

ish Virgins: Sleep ye on and slumber, the Lord delayeth His coming, and *the Judgment is not nigh!** But the wise ministers and the wise virgins drown the cry, singing:

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! O up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

World's are charging—Heaven beholding:
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward for the right.

On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God. †

* Matt. xxiv. 48–51; xxv. 3–8. † Rt. Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D., LL.D.

INAUGURATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

This Judicial Day of the Lord will continue a thousand years, and synchronize with the Millennium.* In the morning of this great day Satan will be bound;† the righteous dead will be raised;‡ the living saints be changed;§ and both be caught up in companies to meet their Saviour in the air At the close of this Judicial Day Satan will be loosed, and the wicked dead be raised.‖ Those raised in the morning of the Millennial Day will have part in the *First Resurrection.*¶ Those raised at its close will be hurt of "*The Second Death.*"** The dual-judgment points of the Day of the Lord have been compared to the two summits of a mountain, which from the distance look like one, but when viewed from a nearer spot are clearly seen to be two. The great assembly described in Christ's prophecy on Mount Olivet,†† may refer only to the nations alive on the earth when Christ displays His glory, and every eye shall see Him.‡‡ *The Sheep*, on the right hand, may symbolize the raptured saints,—translated to escape the horrors of the emptying vials of wrath. *The Goats*, on the left hand, the

* Psalm xc. 4; 2 Pet. iii. 8; Rev. xx. 2, 5–7. † Rev. xx. 1, 2. ‡ Psalm xlix. 14; Dan. xii. 2; Rev. xx. 5. ‖ 1 Thes. iv. 16, 17. ¶ Rev. xx. 5–7. ** Rev. xx. 6; Rev. xx, 14. †† Matt. xxv. 31–46. ‡‡ Dan. vii. 9, 10; Matt. xxiv. 30; Rev. i. 7.

wicked, who are left to endure the plagues foretold by ST. JOHN in the Book of Revelation.* Those caught up, embrace all the *believing* Jews and Gentiles. Those left, include all the *unbelieving* Jews and Gentiles, who will suffer indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish.†

The allotted time for the rule of the nations having ended, the times of the Gentiles will be then fulfilled.‡ The Judge will rule them with a rod of iron, shiver them into pieces like the broken vessels of a potter,§ and personally reign over the uttermost parts of the earth—"His own purchased possession."‖ The nations symbolized by Daniel's imperial image will thus be smitten, crushed, pulverized and scattered; and the symbolic stone fill the whole earth.¶

Day of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

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* Ch. xiv. 6, 7. † Rom. ii. 8–11. ‡ Luke xxi. 24; Rom. ii. 25. § Psalm ii. 9. ‖ Rev. ii .27; Eph. i. 13, 14; Rev. xi. 15. ¶ Dan. ii. 34, 35, 44.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Specific Object of the Day of Doom.

GOD has *not* appointed the Day of Judgment to ascertain who is guilty and who is innocent. Because, to the Omniscient Judge, this is already known, the righteous hath hope in his death,* and is numbered with the blessed dead; and the wicked is driven away in his wickedness, and foresees his doom with horror.† The specific object of the Judicial Day will be to manifest Jehovah's glories, and display His righteous government. Now, all seems confused, but then, all will see its harmony. The tangled intricacies of human thought and speech and action, will be by God unravelled before all angels and all men. He can now convince the indi-

* Prov. xiv. 32; Rev. xiv. 1. † Prov. xiv. 32.

vidual that he has treated him with equity ; but He will then convince every soul that he has dealt with all the others justly. For as the brilliant sun at noonday demonstrates the Creator's omnipotence, the Day of Judgment will demonstrate His righteousness. Then, from Hell and Earth and Heaven the universal confession will arise : "*Righteousness and justice are the basis of God's throne!*"*

NO CONDEMNATION FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

They must all appear at the judgment of Christ, and their works will be reviewed ;† but they shall not come into condemnation.‡ Their's will be the sentence of acquittal, as embodied in the words, "*Come, ye blessed.*"§ They will be inaugurated on thrones of glory, and be assessors with Christ in His judicial administrations.‖ But the wicked will be manifested or turned inside out, and each be developed till the mind becomes visible as the body.

To be placed on the right hand is the symbol of justification and acquittal ; but to stand on the left is that of guilt and condemnation.¶ All the justified will be serene and joyful.** They desired this

* Psalm lxxii. 2; xcii. 2. † Rom. xiii. 11; xiv. 10; 2 Cor. v. 10; 1 Cor. iii. 13. ‡ John v. 24. § Matt. xxv. 34; Rom. ii. 16; xiv. 12. ‖ 1 Cor. vi. 23 ; Psa. cxlix. 5-9. ¶ Matt. xxv. 33; John iii. 18, 19. ** Isaiah xxviii. 16.

day and prayed for its arrival. In ecstacy they sing: "Lo this is our God; we have waited for Him; we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation!"*

> Nothing hath the just to lose
> By worlds on worlds destroyed.
> Far beneath his feet he views
> With smiles the flaming void.

Because their inheritance will be richer in texture than the star-woven skies, and firmer in stability than the everlasting hills, brighter grows their glad hope of fruition, and louder swells their song of triumph: "Jehovah reigneth! He is clothed with majesty; He is clothed with strength wherewith He hath girded Himself."†

CHRIST'S MANIFESTED GLORY MAKES THE WICKED WAIL.

Once He came as a sin-atoning Sufferer, and was destitute of form and comeliness. He was arrayed in robes of legal mockery, and His sacred cheeks were smitten. But *now* He appears, to reign, and tread the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of the Almighty. All kings and great ones stand in

awe of Him; and from His dazzling presence seek to hide.* Once he was falsely accused before PONTIUS PILATE, and condemned to be crucified. But *now* all time-serving and city-treasury-emptying politicians, and unjust judges, must stand before Him. Once His followers were poor, and by the world despised. But *now* He is surrounded by His hosts of saints and angels. Once His sacred brow was crowned with thorns, and His face marred more than the sons of men; down His furrowed cheeks tears of bitter sorrow trickled; his soul was wrung with anguish, and in agony He cried: "Behold, and see if there be *any* sorrow like unto My sorrow?" But now He resembles the sun, shining in his strength, and is decked with many crowns. He holds the sceptre of the universe, and on His regal vesture is written, *King* of Kings, and *Lord* of Lords.† His dazzling throne, woven from heaven's garniture, and burnished with brightest sunbeams, is more glorious than sunrise and sunset with their brilliant vermilion and tints of molten gold. To judge all men according to their works, Christ has arisen from His throne of mercy, and from His judicial throne no pardons are issued, for

* Rev. i, 5-7; vi, 15-17. † Rev. xix, 16.

probation has ended.* To all now on the left of the Judge He once freely offered mercy; but because they rejected it, they now dread their doom.

The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
Aghast they look, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before His throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

God's children are *in* the world, but are not *of* the world, and are now on this territory as pilgrims and strangers. After they are caught up to meet their Saviour in the air, the uplifted sword of vengeance will fall upon the wicked, and the bent bow of wrath propel the arrows of judgment. Forked lightnings flash and disimprisoned thunders rumble. In crash following crash and rumble succeeding rumble, the guilty hear re-echoed: FOR ALL THY SINS GOD BRINGS THEE INTO JUDGMENT. God, in judgment, reigneth, and does not keep silence; a fierce fire devoureth, and all around it is very tempestuous. The earth quakes before Him, and the heavens tremble. Behold the day

* Luke xiii. 24-25.

has come that burns as an oven, and all who have done wickedly are now as stubble. The earth itself is melting, and the works thereof are burning. But the raptured saints are in their pavillion of safety, reigning with the Judge of the quick and the dead.

Let the saints be joyful in glory;
Let Jehovah's high praise be in their mouth,
And a two-edged sword in their hand,
To execute vengeance upon the heathen,
And punishments upon the people;
To bind their kings with chains,
And their nobles with fetters of iron;
To execute upon them the judgment written,
This house have all His saints. Hallelujah!*

THE RESURRECTION OF THE WICKED.

The wicked just described are those *alive* on the earth at Christ's glorious Epiphany. At the close of the millennial day SATAN will be loosed for a little season.† To face the executive judgment, the wicked dead will then be raised.‡

At Christ's call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By His looks prepare to flee—
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

* Psalm cxlix. 5-9. † Rev. xx. 3. ‡ Rev. xx. 7

At the beginning of the Millennial day angels gather Christ's elect from the four points of the compass.* At its close, SATAN gathers his hosts from the four quarters of the earth. Deceiving them through a promise of victory, they assemble together for battle, and are numerous as the sand of the sea.† Headed by SATAN they compass the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city. But no battle is fought, for fire descends from Heaven and devours them !‡ All having been judged according to their works, their woe will be eternal.‖ They will be forever banished from the presence of the Lord, and from the Glory of His power. §

NO BRIDGE OF MERCY FROM HELL TO HEAVEN.

All who arise in the Second resurrection, and are "hurt of the Second death," carry to the future world their prevailing inclinations. The envious and the jealous, the covetous and the revengeful, the drunkard and the sensualist, after the judgment, will be preyed upon by their master-passions. Sinful desires, wrought into the height of furiousness, will torment like fire; and ungratified passions agitate the spirit as an undying worm. The sinner's enmity against God, whom he has no

* Matt. xxiv. 31. † Rev. xx. 8. ‡ Rev. xx. 9. ‖ Thess. i. 9. § Rev. xx. 10.

power to dethrone, will cause weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. The objects of sinful indulgence that time grants, eternity will deny; and an eternal desire to sin will be itself eternal and unmitigated woe. Voluptuousness of heart is a spirit-flame that will never be extinguished; and without any material sources of punishment, the tyranny of unrestrained and ungratified passions will inflict judgment terrible and eternal. The holy will be perpetually holy, and the filthy eternally filthy.* Therefore all who are out of Christ will be wretched for ever and ever. To escape this, strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able when Christ, the Master of the House, hath risen up and shut Mercy's door.

He that believeth on the son hath everlasting life.
And he that believeth not on the Son hath not life;
But the wrath of God ABIDETH ON HIM!†

THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE EARTH, AND THE HEAVENS.

In connection with the last Great Day, the atmospheric Heavens pass away with a great noise, the elements melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the

* Rev. xxii. 11. † John iii. 36.

works therein are burned.* Through Adam's sin the earth was cursed; and through the guilt of successive generations it is now defiled.† Its substance will not be annihilated, but it must pass through a fiery regeneration.‡ The enthroned Judge lets loose the treasures of flame, and the atmospheric Heavens, that have vibrated with blasphemies and poisoned with pestilence, blaze and explode, and with a great noise pass away.§ While Jehovah shaketh the heavens, the earth staggers like a drunkard,‖ and the rocky mountains burn and melt. The oceans boil and hiss, and their waters evaporate. As you must behold the Judge descending, and see His retinue gathering!—hear the last trumpet sounding and see the nations assembling!—are you prepared to meet Him? You know neither the day nor the hour, when he will summon His saints to ascend to His pavilion of safety.¶ Therefore the Archangel, at any moment, may shout, "*Ascend.*" Should the trump of God *now sound*, would you be changed in the twinkling of an eye, and be caught up with those who will ascend to meet the Saviour in the air,** or be numbered with the wicked, who will surely be "LEFT?"†† Christ is the only Hiding place and Covert from the storm.

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* 2 Pet. iii. 10. † Isa. xxiv. 5. ‡ Acts iii. 21. § Psalm cii. 26; 2 Pet. iii. 10 ‖ Isaiah xxiv. 20. ¶ Matt. xxiv. 36. ** 1 Cor. xv. 51-52. †† Matt. xxiv. 40-41.

CHAPTER XVII.

The New Heavens and the New Earth.

FROM the molten mass into which this sin-polluted globe will be melted, the enthroned Judge will create a new heaven and a new earth;* the home of the blessed and the holy. Because Christ's sacrificial death was their ground of hope, His precepts their rule of conduct, His life their model, and His righteousness their spotless robe; with Him in the new earth they shall reign for ever. This inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading,† will be illuminated with the Saviour's ineffable brightness, be covered with visible glory, be surrounded with an atmosphere that will vibrate only with sounds of gladness. Hark! In the beginning God created the

* Isa. lxv, 17; 2 Pet. iii, 13; Rev. xxi, 1 5. † 1 Pet. i. 4;

heavens and the earth.* Behold, I create a new Heaven and a new earth.† We, according to this promise, look for new heavens and a new earth.¶ I saw a new heaven and a new earth.‡ Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.§ They sung a new song saying, And we shall reign on the earth.‖ The greatness of the Kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High.¶ The kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.** God's will, in this new earth, will be forever done as now done in heaven.††

THE GREAT CONTRAST.

The most pleasant climate, the most delightful scenery, the purest atmosphere, the most amiable companions, the largest fortunes and the highest seats of honor, are not to be compared with the riches and glories and honors of the new heavens and the new earth. Though some shrink from looking for what they call "*a material heaven*," they know that *the Saviour has a glorified material body.* An eminent philosophical divine affirms

* Gen. i. 1-11; Isa. lxv. 17; † 2 Pet. iii. 13; ‡ Rev. xxi. 1. § Matt. v. 5. ‖ Rev. v. 10. ¶ Dan. vii. 27. ** Rev. xi. 15. †† Matt. vi. 10.

truly, that there is no necessary connexion between materialism and sin; that the world which we now inhabit, had all the solidity and amplitude of its present materialism before sin entered into it; that God, so far, on that account, from looking slightly upon it, after it had received the last touch of His creating hand, reviewed the earth and the waters, and the firmament, and all the green herbage with the living creatures, and the man whom he had raised to dominion over them; and He saw *everything that* He had made, *and behold, it was all very good.** A mere atmospheric heaven, with inhabitants floating on ether, *mysteriously suspended upon nothing*, and all its elements attenuated into something intangible and imperceptible, does not inspire any definite hope nor ardent longing in beings now material and mortal. But the heart bounds with joy at the prospect of the regenerated spirit in an immortal body, reigning with the glorified Saviour on the re-created earth; covered with the brightness beaming from His splendors, enriched with whatever is pure and glorious, and unfading, and upon which will be no battle scars, nor any grave mounds, but all moral and all material glories in absolute perfection. The lost Paradise

* Gen. i. 31.

restored, will doubtless be, as the name implies, a vast garden of delight, and be enriched with the choicest fruits, and the most fragrant flowers. According to one writer, the giant cedar and the stately fir, the grey willows and the blossomed almond, the umbrageous sycamore and the graceful accacia, the green box and the odorous myrtle shall mingle the various hues of their foliage; while the olive, the fig, the vine and the rose still cluster around man's peaceful habitation. Then none shall hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be covered with the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.* Violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction within its borders. They shall call the walls salvation, and the gates praise.†

MATERIAL NATURE IN AN ECSTACY.

To celebrate the Messiah's return to make all things new, and establish His Kingdom, and reign in righteousness, the Psalmist commands:

Let the Heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad;
Let the sea roar and the fullness thereof!
Let the field be joyful and all that is therein,
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord‡

* Isaiah xi. 9. † Isa. lx. 18-21. ‡ Psalm xcvi. 11-13.

With trumpets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the Lord the King.
Let the floods clap their hands, and
Let the hills be joyful together
Before the Lord; for He cometh to judge the earth:
With righteousness shall He judge the world,
And the people with equity.*

ON THE GLORIFIED EARTH ALL SAINTS MEET.

It will be the place of holy re-union, of mutual recognition, and there will be no more parting. All saints, of each dispensation, will sit down with ABRAHAM and ISAAC and JACOB:

Wh'ere a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine,
Shed its healing splendor here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been,
Where a King in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear His holy crown.
There believers meet and rest
With the holy and the blest.†

Herein will be enjoyed the full liberty of the sons of God, the riches of His glory, the glory

* Psalm xcviii. 4–8. † Bonar.

that excelleth, and *the knowledge of God's glory.* Anticipating this, ST. PAUL exclaimed, Our light affliction, which is but for *a moment*, worketh for us *a* far more exceeding and *eternal weight of glory!** The brightest glories of earth are temporal, but the glories of the recreated earth will be eternal. At God's right hand are pleasures for all and for ever. When the saints possess the Kingdom, under the whole Heaven each may exclaim: *Glory!* thou art here in all thy brightness! *Affection!* in thy embrace, pure and abiding, thou art here! *Happiness!* thou art here, in all thy manifestations! *Devotion!* thou art here, in full celestial ardor! *Adoration!* here is one worthy of thy fervor! *Righteousness!* on this firm throne all here admire thee! *Portals to Every Glory!* ye are all open? SAVIOUR! Thou didst open them! And for this love our immortal hands take the royal diadem and crown Thee LORD OF ALL! But what has this to do with the Temple of Sinful Pleasure? If the reader is therein

THE VOICE OF MERCY SWEETLY CALLS YOU!

Therefore heed the entreaty: *Come out! Come out! Escape its woes and horrors!* Seek pleas-

*2 Cor. iv. 17.

ures that leave no sting behind! That *you* may partake of the celestial bliss that flows like a river, but *abounds like the sea*, the hand of Love, has opened the door of escape, and is stretched forth to help you! That you may share the joys described take hold of Christ's stretched-out hand, and be led through the door of atonement into the narrow path of life. Say to old companions, "I will not go with you to hell," but be led by Jesus to the serene River of Life,* singing:

He leadeth me! Oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me,
And when my task on earth is done,
When, by His grace, the victory's won,
E'en Death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me,†

God the Father loves you; God the Son died for you; God the Holy Ghost waits to cleanse, direct and comfort you. Therefore come out of Pleasure's Temple, and seek the Lord while He may be found, and call upon Him while He is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way,
And the man of *strong appetite*‡ his thoughts,
And let him return unto the Lord,
And He will have mercy upon him,
And to our God, for He will *multiply pardon*.§

* Psalm xxiii. 3. † Rev. J. H. Gilmore. ‡ Marginal readings. § Isa. lv. 7.

If you have been long in Sin's Temple, and despised many mercies, you need not despair. That you may enjoy the bliss of His Kingdom, in love-tones He says:

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,
And he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat;
Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price;
Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight in fatness.*

Accept the complete salvation that is in Christ Jesus, and you will have part in the "first resurrection," or be one of the raptured saints, and, after the creation of the new Heaven and the new earth, join

THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF THE SAVED.

This was grandly typified by the ancient hosts of Israel, who were led by KING DAVID. The Ark of the Covenant was the visible Representative of Jehovah. On the Mercy-seat His glory burst forth brighter than the sun. When it was taken to the place prepared for its reception in the City of Jerusalem, there was an imposing procession and joyful accompaniments. The ark was borne by the sons of the Levites. The singers had psalteries, harps and cymbals. The priests preceded the Ark, blow-

* Isa. lv. 1-2.

ing silver trumpets; the singers chanted joyfully, and the multitudes of Israel voiced the sounds of joy. On their way to the Holy City, the fine linen-robed singers, accompanied by the instruments, sang antiphonally the Twenty-fourth Psalm. As the Symbol of Jehovah is now near the city, the triumphal sound is heard:

> Lift up your heads, O, ye gates,
> And be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors,
> And the King of Glory shall come in!

As if the gates were endowed with voice and reason, by a bold poetical figure, in their behalf is sung:

> WHO IS THIS KING OF GLORY?

Other singers answer:

> The Lord God strong and mighty,
> The Lord mighty in battle!

To call forth the same inquiry, in order to add an additional specification, the mandate is repeated, and the answer sung:

> THE LORD OF HOSTS, HE IS THE KING OF GLORY!

When the Ark is placed in the place prepared, sacrifices of peace are offered, David blesses the

people, and gives them refreshment, and commands ASAPH and his choristers to sing:

> Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon His name,
> Make known His deeds among the people;
> Talk ye of all His wondrous works,
> Glory ye in His holy name.

THE ANTI-TYPICAL PROCESSION INTO THE HOLY CITY.

More triumphantly than ancient Israel, with KIND DAVID at the head, entered the Old Jerusalem, preceded by the Saviour, the whole company of the Redeemed, with shoutings of ecstacy, will descend from the sea of glass into the New Jerusalem. And if the hosts of Israel were so elated as they saw the verdant slopes of the earthly Jerusalem, what gladness will thrill the redeemed when they behold the heavenly Jerusalem, the whole structure—walls and gates and streets—a solid mass of gems set in transparent gold, as if millions of worlds had rendered their jewelry to adorn the new earth's metropolis! All who leave the Sinful Temple of Earth's Pleasure's will behold its glories and its blending colors of a double rainbow, and join in its ravishing melodies. Some affirm that there will not be a literal city, and that the gates of pearl

and streets of gold are only symbolical. But if the greatest treasures of earth and heaven have been gathered by God's architect—Inspiration, and built into a cloudless, deathless and tearless city, O, how invaluable and super-excellent must be the spiritual riches symbolized! One divine affirms that, all the monarchs that ever reigned, with all the wealth they ever claimed, and all the wisdom they ever wielded, and all the millions they ever commanded, laboring unitedly and incessantly from Adam to the present hour, could scarcely have built the millionth part of such a structure; yet nothing less magnificent would answer even for an emblem of the saints' future home and inheritance. Though eye hath not seen, nor ear heard the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him, God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit. His Spirit indited the description of the Holy City, and as it agrees with the prose portions of God's word, we believe that all whose hands are clean and their hearts pure,* shall worship God and the Lamb in a literal Holy City, the New Jerusalem.

We sing of the realms of the blest,
Of the city so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess't,
But what must it be to *be there!*

* Psa. xxiv. 2-5.

THE JUBILEE OF JOY OVER THE ABSENCE OF EVIL.

The material glories of the Holy City entrance the eye, but the pæans of the saved enrapture the soul! The throne of God and of the Lamb is the city's great attraction, and shining in its brightness, all the saints surround it, singing: Here the sun-blaze never scorches, neither is there frost nor blight. Here no winds howl, neither is there storm nor tempest. Here is no conflagration, neither pestilence nor famine. Here is no decrepitude through age, neither helplessness from infantile infirmity. No war-clarion here sounds, neither the sword's-clash nor cannon's-boom. Satan is not here, neither temptation nor fiery trial. Here is no sickness, neither pain, nor any more sorrow. Agony in solution trickles not here, for the source of tears God has dried up. Here is no death, neither coffins nor hearses; no funeral dirge, neither tolling bell, nor clods rattling on coffins; neither funeral sermons, nor vacant seats, nor missing voices. Louder and still louder the joyful victors sing their climax-chorus:

O, Death! where is thy sting?
O, grave! where is thy victory?
Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory.
Through Jesus Christ our Lord! *

* 1 Cor. xv. 55–57.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The New Song and Grand Doxology.

SATAN has been dethroned. Death is vanquished. The revolted kingdom has been recovered back to God* All enemies have been put under Christ's feet. God is now all and in all. Christ shall reign for ever, for of His Kingdom there shall be no end. The sweet soprano of glorified children, the rich alto of redeemed women, the moving tenor and rich bass of blood-bought men, join in the New Song.

Its theme ever new—*the Father's Sovereign Love!* Its key-note ever new—*Redemption through His Son's blood!* Its harmony ever new—the seraphic voices of saints attuned to the musical pitch of *cherubim and seraphim!* Its choristers ever new—*the glorified redeemed ones surrounding the*

* 1 Cor. xv, 24-26.

throne! Its singing galleries ever new—the Metropolis of the new heavens and the new earth—*the Holy City, the New Jerusalem*, decorated with charms excelling those of Eden and eternally radiant with the diffusive brightness of Zion's glorified and reigning King. The new song's glad chorus, "Unto Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." And while the precious infants warble the grace notes, in the grand diapason-chorus, angels and archangels triumphantly join, the Voice from the Throne commands:

Praise our God all ye His servants,
And ye that fear Him, small and great.
And I heard a great multitude,
And as the voice of many waters,
And as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying:
Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.*
Glory to the Lamb for ever and ever: for
Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God,
By Thy blood out of every kindred, tongue and people,
And hath made us unto our God kings and priests,
And we now reign on the new earth. †

All who sing the new song's chorus, also unite in its grand doxology.

* Rev. xix. 5, 6. † Rev. v. 9.

St. John says: And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the Elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice:

WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN TO RECEIVE
POWER AND RICHES AND WISDOM AND STRENGTH,
AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND BLESSING!
AND EVERY CREATURE WHICH IS IN HEAVEN,
AND ON THE EARTH * * * HEARD I SAYING:
BLESSING, AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND POWER,
BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE,
AND UNTO THE LAMB FOR EVER AND EVER!

Reader.—Denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, may we live soberly, righteously and godly in this *present world;* looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, *even* our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. May we each reign in the New Jerusalem, sing the new song, and join in the grand Doxology in Excelsis.

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